Saturday Review

July 4, 1964 25¢

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* TWELFTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Competition

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO HONG KONG**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO PARIS**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 2, 1965, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 2nd issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director of Photography in the Fine Arts.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1964.

SR's 1963 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Robert Ishikawa, Peace Corps volunteer in northern India, 1963 winner of the grand prize for color. Mr. Ishikawa won a round-trip to Tokyo for his picture taken in Ajanta-Ellora, India.

Rosalind Joseph, of New York, the 1963 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mrs. Joseph's photograph, taken in St. Malo, France, won her a round-trip flight to London.

PHOTO AWARDS

Saturday Review

380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1963, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. Black-and-white photographs

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

4. Color photographs

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1964, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 2, 1965. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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Saturday Review

July 4, 1964

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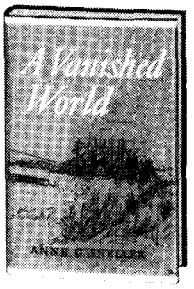
SUMMER IS THE TIME TO DISCOVER . . .



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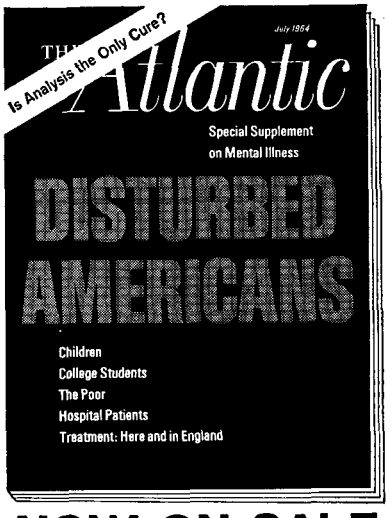

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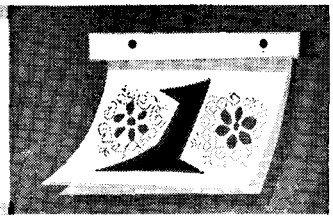
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

THE column of the month was James Reston's in the *New York Times* in which he discussed the "Republican newspaper publishers and editors" vis-à-vis Senator Goldwater. "He [Goldwater]," said Reston, "has the courage of their prejudices, but they don't." Meanwhile, however, as Governor Scranton grew stronger, the Goldwater forces waxed wrothier—the wrothiest being an odd little paperback book called *A Choice Not an Echo*, by one Phyllis Schlafly, president of the Illinois Federation of Republican Women. In this book Mrs. Schlafly declares that the American people were robbed of $13 billion in 1940, $98 billion in 1944, $39 billion in 1948, and $81 billion in 1960—all because "since 1936 the Republican Presidential nominee has been selected by a small group of secret kingmakers" (Morgans, Lamonts, advertising agencies, *Time* and *Life*, etc.), which, she says, "has therefore robbed them of their constitutional birthright to a Presidential choice" and also, apparently, "a stake in the annual Federal budget." And, although the New York *Herald Tribune* gets the majority of Mrs. Schlafly's brickbats, Mr. Reston and the *New York Times* get their lumps, too.

> More recently, James Reston and the *New York Times* came out with a fantastic argument against Goldwater that shows how desperate the kingmakers are. According to this novel argument, Goldwater is not a good candidate because his name ends in "er." The lucky candidates and good presidents have names which end in "on," as in Nixon or Scranton. The "on" candidates can be compared to Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson; whereas history has provided few "er" presidents.

Mrs. Schlafly, whose own name ends in "fly," cannot let this by:

> This argument is even thinner than it appears on the surface. All we have to do is go all the way back to Eisenhower to find a successful "er" Republican candidate; and back to Nixon to find an "on" Republican loser.

• • •

As for ourselves, ending in "ory," we were invited to Cleveland to address the Governors' Wives' Luncheon, and since rooms at the Sheraton Cleveland, where the conference was held, were in short supply, we shared a room with, among other things, a Richard Nixon television interview. Easy-going and reasonably affable before the cameras started, Mr. Nixon became so stern and grim during the interview that it was almost ridiculous. "No," he said, in answer to one question, as if he were addressing a roomful of naughty schoolchildren, "as to the Vice-Presidency."

• • •

At the Governors' Wives' Luncheon itself, we were impressed with how many of the fifty-odd assembled women seemed to be from the South. Of course there are a lot of Southern states but, whether because of predominant accents or because Southern girls talk more than Northern girls, there seemed nothing *but* Southerners—and this despite the fact that neither Mrs. George Wallace nor Mrs. Paul B. Johnson, Jr. (of Mississippi) would attend *our* talk. (Yankee writers these days are, in the South, in short demand.) In any case, one of the things the Governors' wives talked about were the news stories of their "loot"—*i.e.*, the "Ohio industries" that had apparently given them everything from vacuum cleaners to gold-plated telephones. However, one Governor's wife told us she would gladly pass up all the loot for some better security measures—both Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Johnson, she said, had had some "unpleasant incidents."

• • •

On the more pleasant incidental side, we enjoyed particularly our meeting with Mrs. John Burns, the wife of Hawaii's Governor. In a wheelchair as a result of polio, she is a remarkable lady indeed who says proudly that she can do anything she can reach—including cleaning and cooking. We also enjoyed a talk with Mrs. William Egan, the wife of Alaska's Governor, who told us that one thing people didn't realize about Governors' wives is that they don't have unlisted telephone numbers and virtually anybody can reach them at all hours. The night of the earthquake, Mrs. Egan remembers, she was on the phone almost all night long, her least favorite call being from a woman from the Midwest who demanded that she find out if her sister, who was visiting Alaska, was all right. "Where is she?" asked Mrs. Egan. "How should I know?" the woman snapped. "That's for you to find out." On the other hand, Mrs. Egan said she was grateful for the deep concern of the entire country about Alaska—her favorite letter being from a ten-year-old boy, also in the Midwest, who sent her two nickels taped on his letter. "If you need any more," he wrote, "please let me know."

• • •

June was also the month of our twenty-fifth reunion at Harvard, and we journeyed up to Cambridge to take part in the festivities. From the very beginning, "Twenty-Fivers" are treated with special attention. Not even those who return for their fiftieth – nor for their sixtieth, seventy-fifth, or, for that matter, those competing for the highest honor on this earth, to be the oldest living Harvard alumnus – take precedence over the Twenty-Fivers. They, and they alone, return with wives and children, are housed in the Yard, take free parking spaces everywhere, and have a whole week of pomp, circumstance, and Scotch.

This attention was evident especially in the Harvard undergraduate who welcomed us at the registration desk, carried our bags to our room, and said firmly, "Sir, Harvard today is much easier to get into than it was in your day."

Actually, of course, as we soon learned from the dean of admissions, this was hardly the case, but the whole thing was explained so painlessly that the blow was softened even for those old grads who had just this month learned that one of their offspring had failed to make Harvard. Indeed, President Pusey himself went out of his way at dinners preceding our reunion proper to explain how it all happened.

At our particular dinner, however, Dr. Pusey made the mistake of asking afterward if there were any questions. There were—and from a very dear classmate of ours. He is a man who apparently came over on the *Mayflower* but has not done much since. Furthermore, he is a man who is inclined to become increasingly unreliable as day wanes and evening falls. To ask him for questions at six o'clock is perilous enough—after dinner it was sheer madness.

Slowly our classmate weaved to his feet. "Doctor Pushy," he said unsteadily, "I got a quesshun. What are you going to do about a fellow who came over on the *Mayflower*, and then his shun went to Harvard, and then his shun went to Harvard, and then his shun went to Harvard?" At this, there was embarrassed silence in the whole room, but our classmate never faltered. For eleven straight times he said, "And then his shun went to Harvard," and then, finally, came to the inevitable, "And then *his shun* can't get into Harvard. What,"

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he concluded, "are you going to do about that, Dr. Pushy?"

Once more there was a terrifying silence, but it was now Dr. Pusey's turn not to falter. "I don't know what we're going to do about it," he replied. "We can't send him back. The *Mayflower* doesn't run any more."

• • •

One of the signal honors of returning for your twenty-fifth is that you are graciously permitted the opportunity of trying to break all preceding class records for a twenty-fifth cash gift to Harvard. This year our class gift came to close to three-quarters of a million dollars, which averaged out to about $1,000 per man. However, this average is deceiving, since one '39-er, Benjamin Gaylord Dillingham, gave as his gift fifty acres of Hawaii. Mr. Dillingham, incidentally, in one of 1939's most touching Horatio Alger stories, was almost elected to the U.S. Senate from Hawaii, but unfortunately lost. "The people of the islands," he explained briefly, "love me too much to send me away."

Curiously, returning celebrities are rarely elected "marshals" of the class. Leonard Bernstein, for example, who while at college worked his way by tutoring rich boys in music and went on to become this year's "Twenty-Fifth's" most outstanding figure, not only failed to win election as marshal but also managed to irritate a large number of classmates by sending in for his yearbook biography—through no fault of his, he never even saw it—a publicity release. Furthermore, when, at a special 1939 pops concert in Boston Symphony Hall, of which, with his friend Arthur Fiedler, he was guest conductor, he started off by saying, "You know me—I can't conduct without saying a few words first," he was greeted by a few actual hisses. Nonetheless, he soon put such persons to shame by such a brilliant performance that, at the conclusion, he was given five separate standing ovations.

• • •

Another '39 celebrity, playwright Robert Anderson, of *Tea and Sympathy* fame, wrote in the yearbook a brilliant but bitter poem about how, "in '39 young Lancelot charged bravely out of Harvard Yard" but now, as Anderson put it, "late on a Winter's night alone"—

His *Walden* now the *Wall Street Journal*,
His jug of wine a double Scotch,
Oh, addled Adonais!
He dreamed his life in poetry,
But lives it out in prose,
Not lonely on a peak in Darien,
But jammed into the Greenwich local home,
On Saturdays smiling, he pushes cars through supermarts
Homo sapiens homogenized.

• • •

As for ourselves, we contributed for the yearbook, as we are sure our readers would expect, an absolutely objective, factual article, from which we feel free—since we were poorly paid—to quote:

The class of 1939 was the finest class in the history of Harvard. This is obvious from the fact that, right after we graduated, the Second World War began and from that time on everything was, of course, second-rate.

How could it be otherwise? When Lucky Strike Green marched off to war, so did Harvard Crimson, and when it all came back, it was not the same thing at all. Gone was the extra mildness of the Harvard of Fight Fiercely fame—the extra margin of the Harvard accent that always stayed a neat, clean quarter-inch away.

Gone was the Harvard where the big difference was the indifference. Gone was the Harvard man you could always tell, but not much. Gone, too, was even his little son—that little accent of birth who now couldn't even get into Harvard—much less stay there for four years. Gone was the "Gentleman's C," the snap course, the tutoring school. Gone the Boston Harvard, the Club Harvard, even the Harvard Harvard.

In its place came, in due time, a new Harvard. Now we, in the class of 1939, have nothing against the new Harvard. Some of our best friends are new. But the fact is that we '39ers were something different. We weren't picked for scholastic eminence. We weren't picked for extracurricular eminence. We weren't even picked for athletic eminence. We weren't picked, when you come right down to it, for any kind of eminence—in fact, come to think of it, we weren't picked at all. Harvard didn't pick *us*, for crow mike, *we* picked Harvard. And in so doing, of course, we did Harvard a tremendous favor. It was, when all is said and done, just one more example of the selflessness for which the Class of 1939 has, throughout its history, along with its traditional modesty, always been known. We were, let's face it, gang, the last nice guys.

We realize, of course, the Class of 1938 might try to launch some similar claim, but what stock, after all, could we put in any claim they would make. 1938, really! They are, let's face facts, old men—senile even. As for the class of 1940—who could, it might be supposed, claim the war didn't start for the U.S. until 1941 and that therefore *they* were the last nice guys, how patently ridiculous their argument is right on the face of it. 1940, for Pete's sake! They are, after all, just children.

• • •

BALANCING THE BOOKS: *The John Birch Society: Anatomy of a Protest*, by J. Allen Broyles: "In summary, the ideology of the Birch Society leads its members to express their aggressions directly against the sources of their frustration in the form of irrational conflict."... *Before the Colors Fade: Portrait of a Soldier, George S. Patton, Jr.*, by Fred Ayer, Jr.: "Never be obscene or use profanity in conversation unless the obscenity is so splendid or the profanity so outstanding that people will be so interested they will forget to be shocked."... *What Can a Man Do?* by Milton Mayer: "It's funny. The less a man has to lose, the less he is willing to risk; the worse the bargain, the tighter he hugs it. I remember the first time I heard myself saying that Socrates' choice was no mystery: by being noble, and taking death instead of dishonor, he simply traded in a couple of years of life for immortality. 'He was an old man, anyway,' I said. 'He didn't mind dying.' 'Young man,' said an old man in the group, 'you have never been an old man.'"... *Artemus Ward, His Book* (Wallace Hebberd, Santa Barbara): "This is my 1st attempt at writin a Tail & it is far from bein perfeck, but if I have indoosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the Desert of Sarah, or as joyous as a flower garding, my objeck will have bin accomplished, and more too."

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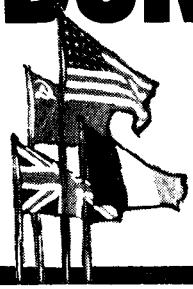

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DOUBLEDAY

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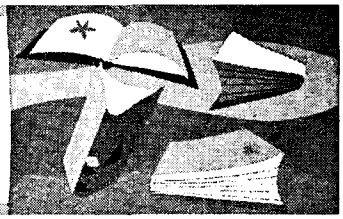
Trade Winds



Political news: The paperback edition of *The Liberal Papers* costs $1.25, while the price of *The Conservative Papers* is $1.45. I am analyzing this and will report back later.

The following incident took place in an apartment house near Homewood, Illinois, and for obvious reasons I shall use no names. A housewife washed her hair, put it in curlers, and then went to the basement laundry room with some

dirty clothes. Soon she was waiting for one load to finish in the dryer as she put the second load into the washer.

At the last minute she decided that the dress she was wearing needed cleaning, too. She removed it and threw it into the washing machine, knowing she would get a change from the dryer in a moment or two. Standing there in her shoes and brief undergarments, she noticed a cobweb in the corner. She decided to remove it. She didn't want to get her hair dirty, so she pulled a discarded football helmet over the curlers, and got ready to sweep down the cobweb. Just then the meter reader walked into the basement. The lady froze quietly in the corner, hoping to avoid his attention. She thought she had been successful, but as he departed he looked at her and said, "I do hope your team wins."

With the exception of such words as MOVEMENT for Friendship Press and MACHINERY for Industrial Press, the cable addresses of American publishers are limited to such prosaic abbreviations as GEISBOOKS for Bernard Geis Associates and FUNKNALLS for Funk & Wagnalls.

Martin Gross points out to me that British publishers, when given the chance of choosing their own telegraphic addresses, have fun. Allen & Unwin, for instance, picked DEUCALION, the Greek Noah. When you cable Architectural Press in London you address BUILDABLE; A. & C. Black, BIBLOS; Eyre & Spottiswood, publishers of the Bible, EXALTEDLY. E. J. Arnold puts out textbooks and its cable address is SCHOLARLY.

Solicitor's Law Stationery Company is reached at OYEZ. Winsor & Newton prints books on painting and answers to SEPIA. And if you cable Wills & Hepworth, publishers of children's books, address LADYBIRD.

Many of us are familiar with the feature in *The New Yorker* magazine called "Letters We Never Finished Reading," in which the first lines of very boring or annoying unsolicited letters are quoted. Free-lance writer Leonard Stevens tells me to start a category called "Letters We Finished Reading" with one he received from a magazine editor asking him for some story ideas. It began, "Dear Mr. Stevens: Payment starts at one thousand dollars . . ."

Signs of the times from the West: Eugene McNerney of Huntington Beach, California, writes me that in Orange County the exploding population is frightening, particularly the number of kids all over the landscape. But, he says, one large developer is bucking the trend. He advertises in the local papers and on the radio:

"You haven't lived unless you have bought a house in ——— Gardens! This is a community for young adults. People on their way up. Sorry, no pets or children."

Ralph Benner and Mary Jo Clements are full of invaluable advice for breaking into motion pictures and television, and they've put it all down in *The Young Actors' Guide to Hollywood* (Putnam). For instance, "Boys will find that one of the best jobs for meeting show people is to be a parking lot attendant on Restaurant Row or on Sunset Strip." It also advises the boys to take "a good selection of ties—three or four."

I quoted Richard Armour as describing President Cleveland's jaw as metal. Dr. Carlos F. Mendoza-Tió of Puerto Rico says we are wrong. Cleveland's surgical jaw was made of Vulcanite. The appliance was put in place in 1893 and he used it until his death in 1908. The secret was not revealed until ten years after the operation.

I was reading a new little book called *Stephen Vincent Benét on Writing* (Stephen Greene Press), which consists of letters Benét wrote to George Abbe during the Thirties advising him on problems of writing novels. Abbe, now poet-in-residence at Russell Sage College, tells us of the hardships of writing in those days. Once he received an advance from publisher Thomas Coward for an unwritten book. Abbe had so much trouble with it that he finally returned the money to Coward, who was utterly amazed. He wrote Abbe, "Never in my life have I heard of a writer sending back an advance."

But he kept it.

Sharps and Flats: I made a feeble effort to find out why they call it German measles. I telephoned the German Consulate and they told me that there was no such disease.

► Canada Dry is in the record business. Send in a label and some money and you can choose from a list of 180 stereo albums. Under "Sentimental Favorites" they list Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

► There is a large and busy factory in New Jersey where flags are made for most countries of the world, including the United States. I have learned that there are patriotic employees there who are sick and tired of the Stars and Stripes and would just as soon never see another one again.

► Toni Strassman remembers the late Oliver St. John Gogarty for his greeting to her one morning at the corner of 61st Street and Madison Avenue in New York. He said, "Congratulations on your appearance."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1577)

PETER GAY:
THE PARTY OF HUMANITY

The professional historian is an amateur psychologist, whether he knows it or not. The obscure links between thought and action, ideology and policy, engage his closest attention and elicit his boldest guesses. Judge, critic, psychiatrist – the historian is a busy man.

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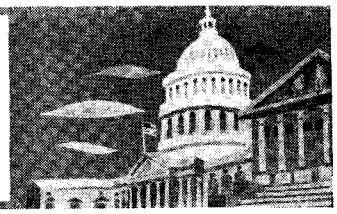
State of Affairs



Scranton's Move

WHEN Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania suddenly decided to throw himself into the fray for the Presidential nomination, one of the most respected among Republican Senators—clearly not a Goldwater admirer—said to me: "Even though he has only an outside chance, he is at least upholding the fact that the Republican Party is a responsible and decent and humane party." But that still leaves one puzzled as to how the party could have fallen into the hands of extremists.

Admittedly the Republicans have been without a leader. And the one man who might have been able to resolve the confusion among the ranks of the moderates, former President Eisenhower, remained aloof, pleading his old habit of wanting to stay "above the battle." His tragedy as it will be seen by future historians was brought into focus only the other day—and within a few hours. It happened on the television screen, and he gave us one of his shining hours. He led us through his memories of D-Day. There was the great Allied Supreme Commander. He spoke with that rare inner security of absolute assurance; he spoke with the authority of the man in charge; and, of course, he spoke of a great accomplishment.

Twenty-four hours later, the resurrection of the hero Eisenhower faded almost instantly into history. The former Republican leader was back on the stage in full glare of the klieg lights, but gone was the authority, gone the absolute assurance. Seemingly on the spur of the moment, he had called Governor Scranton to encourage him to step into the nominating battle in a last-ditch effort to stave off the march of the Goldwater legions. The former President's own troops, or at least his own horse guard, suddenly were flushed with new hope. Was their hero really going to defend his own cause, his own principles of moderate Republicanism? To refuse to allow them to be repudiated by Senator Goldwater? But no sooner had Mr. Eisenhower electrified the nation with his initiative than he de-fused and nullified it.

That said, and acknowledging that Governor Rockefeller really never had a chance because of his remarriage and because among Republicans it is too difficult to beat a right-winger with a left-winger (and on most Republican playing fields the New York governor is seen as a left-winger), one cannot help reaching the conclusion that there must be a serious flaw in the American convention system. This system, like any in so complex a federation as the United States, is designed to produce compromise candidates—in other words, moderate men. It is also essential in a two-party system where both parties represent almost the full political spectrum from right to left.

The danger inherent in this system is that it is frustrating to the extremists. In a multi-party system they have an outlet; under the two-party system—and I am not arguing against it, for in this country I think it the better solution—the extremists' candidates usually lose out and frustrations go unrequited. Perhaps when General Eisenhower defeated Senator Robert Taft (who represented a widely accepted type of conservatism), he upset what historically represented a normal swing to the right, and he increased the inner conflicts of those forces that never accepted Eisenhower as their chosen man. This year Republicans are responding to those frustrations. One must also take into account the basic flaws in the American primary system.

Senator George Norris once hailed the primary as a great step forward in the democratic system. Experience, however, has made Americans realize that it has not quite lived up to his expectations. Somehow, in its haphazard way, it has usually managed to produce a candidate who suited the majority and who was the best vote-getter available. The instinct of self-preservation among convention delegates as a rule won out. But this time even the Goldwater factions have maintained that whatever chances their candidate has to win lie not in the densely populated states but in the South and the West. A study was circulated by them some twelve months ago that tried to prove that Senator Goldwater could win by garnering the entire South, the mountain states, one or two Midwestern states, and California. This of course was before President Johnson was thrust into the White House, which makes it extremely doubtful now whether Senator Goldwater can expect to capture Texas. His narrow victory in California, however much it en-

"No matter how they gang up on me, dear, promise you'll never again rush out on the field swinging your umbrella."

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hanced his chances for the nomination, also showed that he has a slim chance of winning that state.

Why is it, then, that he has been able to collect as many delegates as he already has? The American primary system is so fortuitous, so jerry-built, that it would be impossible to give anything close to a valid analysis. Merely looking at it superficially, one finds that thirty states select their delegates by convention, some statewide, some by district; that sixteen use various other kinds of primaries; and that the remaining four select through their state committees. In Georgia the Democrats and the Republicans each have their own method. Thus, while some of the primaries are democratic in concept, others are not.

THE choice of the delegate frequently depends on the financial contributions he has made to the party or how malleable he is to the views of those in charge or those with the most funds or things to promise. At any rate, however much of an Anglo-Saxon habit muddling through may be, and however much this has somehow succeeded in the past, it is open to manipulation and thus to abuse. If Senator Goldwater is nominated and heavily defeated, perhaps the cry from the Harding days will again be heard—that this odd system of primaries is not adequate. Even if radical change to a simple national primary is not needed, it nevertheless could stand modernization.

Governor Scranton jumped into the battle at a crucial, psychological moment when the Republican Party suddenly saw itself faced with what was clearly a failure of the system, when the democratic processes of selection suddenly had left them without any choice at the nominating convention. All at once the party realized that it faced the immense danger of control by a minority, yet the majority was without a leader. Scranton's decision went against the usual traditions of American political campaigning, but it was not an irrational one. It was born of desperation and the knowledge that there must be vast support for it. Yet it was the decision of one man, not of a group or a cabal; it did not even have the backing of one major Republican figure. It was entirely personal. But when, immediately after his announcement, like-minded men in Congress tried to round up at least fifteen signatures for a "declaration of principles" that repudiated the Goldwater philosophy, they managed to get only eight (although in voting against cloture of the civil rights filibuster the Arizona Senator found himself with a minority of six against twenty-seven Republicans).

It is difficult to say why there was not greater support for this declaration, but one reason—according to the guess of one of those who signed—was the fear of possible retribution by the Goldwater forces, who in many states may have some power to hurt the re-election of certain Congressional candidates. Obviously, too, there was small faith in the prospect of Scranton's lonely crusade.

But there can be no doubt that his decision was courageous and honorable. It was not the move of an idealist or a dreamer. Governor Scranton is a shrewd, practical man; once Governor Rockefeller, for whom he had much sympathy and esteem, failed to stave off Goldwater's advance, there was no one left to do it but him. Senator Goldwater's vote against cloture of the civil rights debate may have been the trigger; but there was the far larger issue—which also troubled former President Eisenhower (though not enough)—that the Republican nomination seemed like a foregone conclusion. With so much latent anti-Goldwater sentiment in the country, Scranton's decision therefore was a profoundly rational one. Had the party forgotten the old maxim that the independent voter and moderate policy issues hold the margin of victory? Could it be that too many Republicans believed that the country was in an extremist mood, that the political pendulum had swung sharply to the right because too many white people were worried about the effects of the civil rights struggle and expected a bitter reaction against it at least in the secrecy of the election booth?

ONE of Mr. Scranton's problems is that Senator Goldwater is a simplifier who sees most issues in black or white and therefore sounds convincing to many. The knotty business of explaining why the issues are not as simple as presented by his opponent is always far more difficult and complicated and usually much less persuasive. Another of Scranton's problems is that so many delegates have already made definite commitments at a time when they saw no likely alternative to Goldwater. Politicians don't like to be uncommitted for too long out of fear that they will then miss the bus and be made to pay for their indecision.

Mr. Scranton's crusade against Barry Goldwater may not bring him victory, but at least he will have done what seemed needed: he will have intelligently exposed the dangers inherent in a Goldwater nomination. Even if he goes down to defeat in San Francisco, he will have become a truly national figure and, after a Goldwater defeat in the Presidential election, will be the most obvious candidate for 1968.

—HENRY BRANDON.

As It Happens

The Declaration of Independence gave us life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Over the 4th we'll take liberty with our lives, pursuing happiness at 80 miles an hour.

✓ ✓ ✓

We understand Gallup's interviewers first ask political questions, then ask what commercial products are preferred. If a fellow's undecided about the Presidential race, he can still vote for Serutan, Gillette, Kleenex, Oldsmobile, and Aunt Jemima's Log Cabin Syrup.

✓ ✓ ✓

We understand even if Israel marches on Cairo and the U.N. stands aside, Nasser is ready. He'll phone Moscow for arms, Washington for money, and Paris for a reservation.

✓ ✓ ✓

The trouble with birth control is the people who practice it. They usually can afford not to.

✓ ✓ ✓

"Ban the Martini" supporters say the cocktail itself isn't as deadly as the conversational fallout.

✓ ✓ ✓

Surveys show straight tickets diminishing. Today's electorate votes *à la carte*, not *table d'hote*.

✓ ✓ ✓

Havana wants us off Guantanamo. Moscow wants us off Turkey. Peking wants us off Taiwan. They're jittery with Yanks on bases.

✓ ✓ ✓

The Gideons are distributing record numbers of new Bibles to motels. After driving, nothing beats curling up with the good book.

✓ ✓ ✓

Every Congressman applauds Defense Department economies. In the other fellow's district.

✓ ✓ ✓

International Yellow Pages classifies 125 countries. Need a plumber? Phone Norway. He'll arrive before yours would.

✓ ✓ ✓

TV comedy fans needn't fret. The political campaign will be ample summer replacement. —FRED SPARKS.

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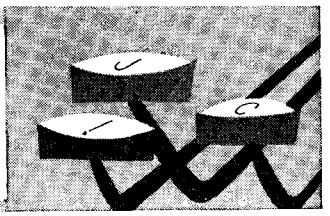
Manner of Speaking



The Monster Den: Myra's Column: As I noted last week, I owe Myra a birthday column, having promised and having been delayed by my spring lecture tour. I am sorry to say I wasn't even home for her birthday. I got her forgiveness on that count by coming up with a birthday present that was sheer bribery. Let me hope I can now be forgiven on the second count.

Myra, let me explain, is Myra Judith and we have two of them at our house, the Den Mother being Myra JUDITH, and Monster One being MYRA Judith, better known to Jonnel as Miss Priss, so I began by trying a poem about her.

MISS PRISS

Whenever Myra walks like this—
(I think you can guess what way
that is)—
John L. and Benn call her Miss
Priss.
And so does Mummy. And so do I.
(If you've guessed how it goes,
then you know why.)

For some reason, however, the boys liked that one rather better than Myra did, and I agreed that I should try again, and having done an acrostic for Jonnel last week, I tried one for Myra.

OF HURRICANES, SUMMER DAYS, AND MISS MYRA

Most of what a girl should be
You are—most times. When you
are,
Roses, cloud fluffs, a smooth sea
Are open, float, stretch blue and
far.

Just a minute ticks by then:
Up blows a storm, dark roars the
sea,
Down comes the sky, the roses
shatter.
In less time, then, than it takes me
To say, "Darling, what's the
matter?"
Hurricane's over. You're back again.

As it turned out, Myra liked that one better and the boys thought it was "mushy." Putting those two reports together, I let myself hope I had struck the right note. As I tried to point out to the boys, I am *supposed* to feel a little mushy about her and Mummy. Or I do, whether I am supposed to or not. But they pointed out that I had written "funny" poems about them, and that I'd have to write one about Myra, too. I did try arguing that "Miss Priss" was supposed to be a little funny, and that it certainly wasn't too "mushy." But what they wanted, it turned out, was a poem about Miss Myra's noise. The poems I had written for them, they argued, were all about how noisy they are, and what did I think Miss Myra was?—"the Sphinx, or something?"

Well, it isn't entirely true that the poems I wrote for the boys are all about noise, though noise had to be part of it, but they weren't entirely wrong either, so I said I'd try and what I came up with was a poem about Myra's music lessons.

The trouble is that to make the poem come out loud enough I had to cheat a bit. Myra has been taking piano lessons and is now on guitar, at both of which she is inclined to dawdle. But, as I might as well confess, I couldn't make it rhyme on the piano. So, just for the poem, I decided to switch to the fiddle. I hope Myra will understand it as an exercise in transposition. The air, as I hope she will recognize, is the same, but it seems to play a little better on the fiddle.

FIDDLE PRACTICE

I guess you know
Some girls are slow
When it comes to fiddle practice.
Their arms get stiff.
They act as if
They'd swallowed a dry cactus.
They don't feel well.
And they can tell
They're about to catch a cold.
Well, that's when I
And Mummy try
To say (and not to scold):

Your arms are *not* stiff.
Your throat is *not* sore.
But something, we think, is going
to be *if*
We had to tell you this *once more:*
It's time! So get you fiddle and
bow.
And get your excuses done.
And practice that piece you're
supposed to know
And haven't even begun.

In an hour or so
She puts her bow
To the strings and saws away.
And it sounds all right
For, say, a cat fight.
But we couldn't exactly say
That note for note
It's what anyone wrote.
That's when I catch Mummy's eye.
And we shudder a bit
At the sound of it.
And both of us wonder why
We make her do
What she's doing to
The music someone wrote.
And we stuff our ears
And cry "three cheers!"
When she comes to the last—well
—note.
Let's call it that.
For sharp or flat,
Or squeak, or squawk, or squeee,
It's done for today.
And I'm here to say
That's good enough for me!

And noise or no noise (some of which, to be sure, I could do without), so is Myra. Good enough for me, that is. So Happy Twelve, Sweetie, and may they all be as smiling as this one.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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HOW TO PICK A PRESIDENT

Is it possible to predict, on the basis of a candidate's abilities and character, how he would perform as the nation's Chief Executive?

By SIDNEY WARREN

IS THERE any way for the American people to determine whether a potential President will provide effective leadership? What standards should be applied in selecting a candidate for the highest office in the land? When a business organization seeks a man for a top job, the applicant's background, training, and experience are major factors in evaluating his competence. But how useful are these criteria for judging the future head of state?

In his incisive commentary on American political institutions published toward the end of the nineteenth century, *The American Commonwealth,* James Bryce entitled one of his chapters "Why Great Men Are Not Chosen President." With some notable exceptions, the Presidents during the era he was discussing were a mediocre lot selected for reasons that had nothing to do with their capacity to fill the office with distinction. During the bitter controversy over slavery, for example, both parties sought innocuous candidates who could be depended upon to dodge the issue. In 1840 the Whigs turned away from men of towering stature like Henry Clay and Daniel Webster in favor of a nonentity like William Henry Harrison, who, having been unable to earn a living as a farmer, turned to running a whiskey distillery and then became a clerk of a county court.

About fifty years later, when the nation was racked by agrarian discontent and the social consequences of urbanization and industrialization, the political parties still selected their candidates in what was sometimes the most haphazard manner. An indifferent Republican convention in 1888 gave the nomination to Benjamin Harrison, a man whose only distinction was a brief service in the Senate, who had been defeated for re-election and frankly described himself as "a dead duck," because James G. Blaine, too ill to run, cabled from Scotland, "Take Harrison." A contemporary observer, commenting on the political conventions of the time, declared that they functioned like "the exquisite economy of Nature, which ever strives to get into each place the smallest man that can fill it."

Nevertheless, feeble as the leadership frequently was, the Republic prospered—the nation could afford the luxury of mediocrity. In our era, however, when the President plays so strategic a role in promoting the nation's welfare at home and safeguarding its position of world leadership abroad, a Grant or Harding in the White House would be an unmitigated disaster. Today his preparation must be such as to fully prepare him to cope with the unprecedented problems not only at home but throughout the world.

Yet no school exists to prepare an aspirant for the unique and complex roles the Chief Executive is required to fill. Years spent in public service, whether in Congress, administration, or a governorship, may be helpful but do not necessarily prepare a man for greatness, or even for competence. If the Presidential office were merely administrative, involving technical proficiency in details and procedure, the requisite skills could be acquired. But as Franklin D. Roosevelt once said, the Presidency is pre-eminently a place of moral leadership. It therefore requires the ability to adapt the national purpose to the continually changing requirements of a dynamic society, to preserve and transmit to posterity the nation's heritage of humane and liberal values.

An impressive record of administrative competency may be misleading when assessing the potential of a candidate, as William Howard Taft sadly illustrates. Taft's distinguished career as judge, Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, and Secretary of War greatly impressed the party leaders. The judicial mind, however, is likely to hobble rather than encourage vigorous executive leadership. In a crisis, the President must often rely on his instincts and intuition. If he stops too long to prepare an opinion by chewing over evidence and consulting precedents, the race may be finished before he enters the lists. Moreover, emphasis on the machinery of government and official routine can thwart the kind of initiative that thrusts a country forward. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who lacked both interest in or talent for administration, injected vitality and dynamism into the councils of government.

A professional career in politics or a record of achievement in Congress is

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Sidney Warren is the author of *The President as World Leader,* which Lippincott has scheduled for publication in October.

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not necessarily a factor in the preparation of a President. Abraham Lincoln's experience was confined to a single term as a member of the House of Representatives a dozen years before his election. Woodrow Wilson spent a lifetime as an academician and had only two years as governor of New Jersey before entering the White House, yet he exercised a vigorous, commanding leadership of Congress, scoring triumphs that seasoned politicians could envy. Even before the electorate had digested the significance of Wilson's "New Freedom," with its tariff reform act, Federal Reserve Law, and Clayton antitrust legislation, it concluded that the scholar-turned-politician had proved a consummate master in the great game of politics. The failure that climaxed Wilson's administration was not caused by his lack of political experience but was the result of a tragic flaw of personality.

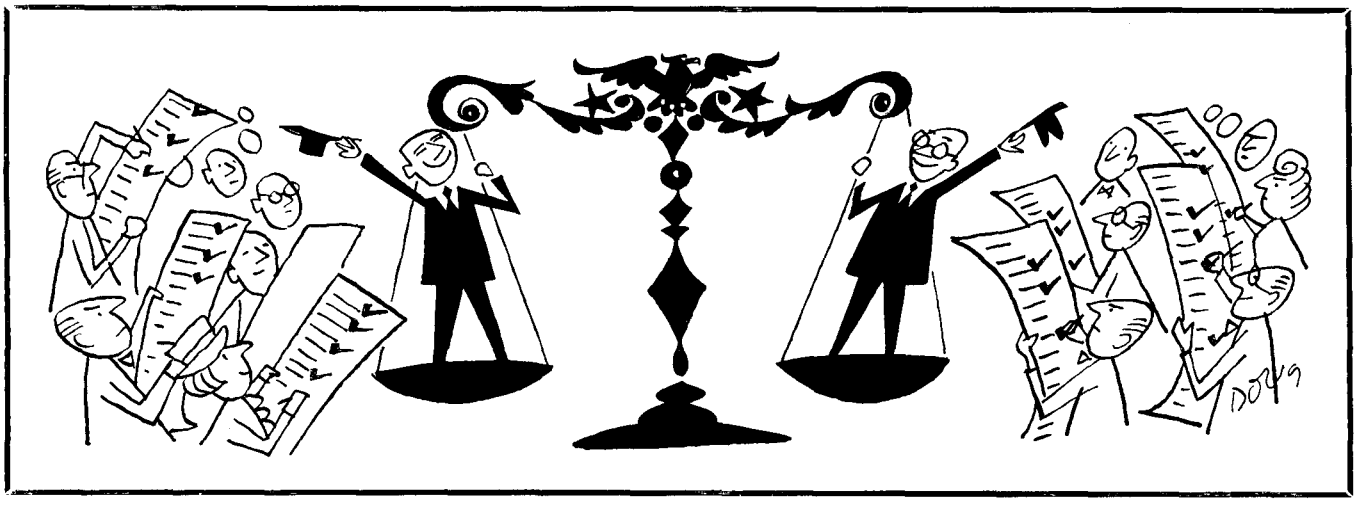
By contrast, Calvin Coolidge was hardly an amateur in politics. He reached the heights of political power after serving as city councilman, a member of both houses of the state legislature, mayor, lieutenant-governor, governor, and Vice President. Yet during his six years in the White House all he offered the American people was a steady stream of platitudes and banalities, encouraging a perilous blindness to the stirrings at home and abroad that were portents of debacle. As his biographer said, Coolidge believed his task "was to keep the Ship of State on an even keel before a favoring wind—not to reconstruct the hull or install motive power or alter the course. . . . He won no battles, challenged no traditions, instituted few reforms." Coolidge was completely inept as a party leader and a legislative leader. His bills were defeated and his vetoes overriden by Congress.

Whether a President will have the capacity to meet the demands made upon him by crises cannot be predicted solely on the basis of past achievement and service. If judged in terms of his background, James Buchanan should have been ideally suited for effective Presidential leadership. Few men came to office with a longer official training—forty years in the legislative, executive, and diplomatic service. Yet at a critical juncture in the nation's history, with the Union on a disaster course toward dissolution, he was tragically indecisive when the imperatives of the hour called for vigor and resolution.

Although Harry S. Truman had been in political life for a fairly substantial period, his nomination for the Vice Presidency in 1944 was agreed to by Democratic party leaders mainly because he was an ideal compromise candidate—he was acceptable to both North and South, to organized labor, and to the machine bosses. No premature termination of Roosevelt's leadership was anticipated, and when it occurred the nation as a whole was appalled that its fate during such a precarious period was in the hands of this unassuming man. One journalist characterized the new President as "a sedative in a double-breasted suit," and most informed observers were prepared to write off his administration. Truman had not been a member of the inner war council or made privy to the negotiations at the various wartime conferences, or been informed about the progress of atomic development. But the years that followed were decision-packed, with Truman demonstrating a creative and imaginative approach to foreign relations as striking as the feeling in the spring of 1943 that the man was not suited for his prodigious tasks.

To a great extent the Cabinet or parliamentary form of government in Great Britain solves the problem of unpredictability. The Prime Minister is the product of the House of Commons, steeped in its traditions, habituated to its ways, and is required to have been the leader of his party in that body before he can be chosen the Queen's First Minister. From leader of the loyal opposition to Prime Minister may involve a transition in power, but not a transition in leadership. As head of his party, he has been displaying leadership for years in the law-making body of a kind that the electorate has endorsed. There are no "Johnny-come-latelys" or dark horses. By contrast, the President's preparation is largely a random affair. Still, ours is a Presidential system, and, that being so, what are the criteria that ultimately determine Presidential success if the traditional yardsticks are largely irrelevant? Is there a common pattern displayed by "strong" Presidents that might provide clues to whether a candidate is adequately prepared?

Perhaps most important is a broad, expansive view of the office that would permit the occupant of the White House to extend the potentialities of executive prerogative to its outermost limits whenever the public necessity requires it. Theodore Roosevelt was better prepared for leadership by virtue of his



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approach to the Presidency than he was by the years he spent as police commissioner of New York, member of the federal Civil Service Commission, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, governor of New York, or even Vice President. As he once said: "The most important factor in getting the right spirit in my administration was my insistence upon the theory that the executive power was limited only by specific restrictions and prohibitions appearing in the Constitution or imposed by Congress under its constitutional power. . . . I declined to adopt the view that what was imperatively necessary for the nation could not be done by the President unless he could find some specific authorization to do it."

John Fitzgerald Kennedy regarded the Presidency as the repository of political and moral leadership, believing that the occupant of the office must be willing to use the powerful tools available to him. The choice, he felt, was either to emulate Roosevelt and Wilson or Taft and Harding. In an address before the National Press Club a year before his inauguration he left no room for doubt as to which of the previous Presidents he would use as models. "Whatever the political affiliation of our next President," he said, "whatever his views may be on all the issues and problems that rush in upon us, he must above all be the Chief Executive in every sense of the word. He must be prepared to exercise the fullest powers of his office, all that are specified and some that are not. He must master complex problems as well as receive one-page memoranda. He must originate action as well as study groups. He must reopen the channels of communication between the world of thought and the seat of power."

It is no coincidence that throughout our history the Presidents who have been most ineffectual were those like Taylor, Taft, Harding, and Coolidge who were firmly committed to the concept that the Chief Executive could exercise only that authority specifically granted him by the Constitution. Taft could be considered their spokesman with his declaration that "the President can exercise no power which cannot be fairly and reasonably traced to some specific grant of power or justly implied and included within such express grant as proper and necessary to its exercise."

HOWEVER rich and varied the aspirant's career, he comes ill-prepared to discharge the duties and responsibilities of the Presidential office if his theoretical position would inhibit rather than encourage bold, assertive leadership. In less tempestuous and complex times this element in the preparation of a President was of no great significance. As a matter of fact, the relatively untroubled periods in our history produced the textbook image of the Presidency as an equal and coordinate branch operating strictly within its own sphere and never trespassing beyond certain specified boundary lines. Today, however, it must encompass party and legislative leadership, providing direction in economic matters and initiative in world affairs.

Significantly, with the exception of George Washington, all the Presidents who made a lasting impact on the nation were men who eagerly sought the office and were avid for leadership in public affairs. To reach the White House would be the ultimate fulfilment of their profoundest ambitions. Once in office, they approached their tasks with driving zest and enthusiasm. Theodore Roosevelt, who was elevated to the Presidency through an accident of fate, probably would have achieved it eventually on his own. He reveled in the opportunity to occupy the seat of power. For him the Presidency was a glorious adventure and he enjoyed every minute of it; for his successor, whom he had hand-picked, it was an ordeal that he endured with outward stoicism but inward wretchedness. William Howard Taft was persuaded to take a job he never wanted and for which, realistically, he felt ill-suited. "Politics, when I am in it, makes me sick," he once said. His private letters offer pathetic evidence of his lack of self-confidence. Several months after his inauguration he wrote to Roosevelt:

> If I followed my impulse, I should still say "My dear Mr. President." I cannot overcome the habit. When I am addressed as "Mr. President," I turn to see whether you are not at my elbow. . . .
>
> I want you to know that I do nothing in the Executive Office without considering what you would do under the circumstances and without having in a sense a mental talk with you over the pros and cons of the situation. I have not the facility for educating the public as you had. . . .

The Presidency is a lonely place—that "splendid misery" as Thomas Jefferson once called it—especially in times of crisis when the occupant of the office must repeatedly make vital decisions for which he and he alone is responsible. No one can share the burden with him, and only a man who has confidence in his own judgment is adequately prepared for White House leadership. Harry S. Truman's initial response to the news of President Roosevelt's sudden death was certainly understandable. "I don't know whether you fellows ever had a load of hay or a bull fall on you," he told reporters, "but last night the stars and all the planets fell on me. . . . I've got the most terribly responsible job any man ever had." But Truman's inner core was sound and firm. Within weeks he began to demonstrate the inner security that enabled him to deal

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with the many grave problems that beset the nation.

Woodrow Wilson's self-confidence was of another caliber. Lacking humility, tinged with mysticism, this trait was to prove his undoing. "God ordained that I should be the next President of the United States," he announced as he was about to enter the White House. On another occasion he said, "I am sorry for those who disagree with me because I know I am right." While the President must be firmly convinced that the course he has chosen *is* the right one, he must at the same time be flexible enough to bend when circumstances require resilient behavior.

A significant element in a President's preparation is that he have a plan that embodies his view of the country's future. It should reflect his talent for creative innovation and demonstrate a sense of the direction in which the times are moving, diagnose contemporary maladies, and offer possible means for their solution. Today that plan must embrace Ghana and Ceylon as well as Georgia and Oregon. In Franklin D. Roosevelt's campaign speeches in 1932, he presented a plan for the economic future of the nation that was as bold in outline as it was imaginative. Although containing no specific blueprint, it articulated goals that were the basis for the "New Deal" program.

WHILE campaign rhetoric and political oratory can be discounted to a large extent, they provide some means for discerning the quality of a candidate. What could have been expected from Warren G. Harding on the basis of the hackneyed speeches delivered from the front porch of his home? As William G. McAdoo colorfully put it, his addresses "leave the impression of an army of pompous phrases moving over the landscape in search of an idea; sometimes these meandering words would actually capture a straggling thought and bear it triumphantly, a prisoner in their midst, until it died of servitude and overwork!" The nation at the time was not aware of the machinations that gave Harding the nomination, but Americans recklessly voted for a man whose only claim to the highest office in the land was that he *looked* like a President.

A leading contemporary journal in all seriousness declared that whatever might be the defects of the nominee as a world statesman, Harding was "an exceedingly courteous gentleman." If he were elected, "good nature, both to political friends and to political enemies," would once again prevail in the White House. "The Senator's speeches may be properly criticized for their vagueness, for their lack of original thought, for their occasionally conflicting character . . . but they are certainly not lacking in the decencies of political controversy. And this is another case where style is the man."

"Darling, you're like a dome of cool air from Canada nudging out a sultry muggy day."

Style is indeed the man. The last sentence, which succinctly and accurately summed up the matter, was a portent. The character of the nation is influenced by the "style" of its chosen head. With "normalcy" enthroned in the White House, the nation drifted, devitalized, without standards and without goals.

Leadership in our democratic society performs a strategic role above and beyond the functions mapped out by our constitutional system. An essential component is the President's capacity and will to influence public opinion so that necessary programs are carried out. Those men who were strong Presidents had both an intellectual and intuitive comprehension of this ingredient. As Theodore Roosevelt put it, "Our prime necessity is that public opinion should be properly educated." And again, "I do not desire to act unless I can get the bulk of our people to understand the situation and to back up the action; and to do that I have to get the facts vividly before them. The ineffectual Presidents were either indifferent about shaping public opinion or believed, with Calvin Coolidge, that "the people have their own affairs to look after and cannot give much attention to what Congress is doing."

The preparation of a President, then, is compounded of many intangibles. Attributes for which there is no specific training – character, convictions, and style – appear to be more basic for successful leadership than background, training, and experience. Political skill taken for granted, the effective leader captures the public imagination because he possesses moral and physical stamina, because he has a humanitarian outlook and the determination to alleviate the ills that plague our society, and because when he speaks and acts he does so not only for the moment but for the age. He has the capacity to inspire the people, to elevate them above the commonplace, to set a tone for the nation so that the vision of the future becomes the objective for the present. Such a President is a total President, both a politician and a statesman.

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Saturday Review

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Return of the Native

ON THE plane from Australia, we met a young American couple and their ten-year-old son. They were en route to the United States after an absence of almost a year. It was a significant homecoming, for when they had left they didn't expect to return ever again. They were originally part of a distinct and unique group in human history. They were "nuclear migrants"—perhaps several thousand of them—products of the atomic age who had left the United States to find what they hoped would be a more reasonable and rational environment in which to live, work, and bring up their children. In particular, they were refugees from threats of nuclear war, nuclear testing, nuclear fallout, and what they felt was a desperately unhealthy national mood of tension and apprehension.

This particular family had lived in Orange County in Southern California. Both husband and wife were teachers. They were aware of the ease with which one of the recurrent international crises could erupt into full-scale war; and they were profoundly concerned by the effects of the national insecurity on their son. And when the Cuban crisis occurred, with its portents of saturating horror, they decided they had had enough. They had read of highly educated Americans—scientists and doctors and professors among them—who felt that the time had come to make a new life elsewhere, not because they held their American citizenship lightly but because they felt that the United States had become caught up in a spiraling madness that was totally inconsistent with the nation's heritage of reason.

Many of the nuclear migrants had gone to Australia and New Zealand. One attraction was the relative absence of radioactive fallout in the Southern Hemisphere. Another was the English language and the existence of Anglo-Saxon institutions. Australia was favored because of the dynamic quality of a country still in the process of being settled. Newcomers to Australia were given every assistance in finding appropriate jobs and good homes.

My fellow plane passengers said they had decided to migrate to Sydney, on the southeast coast of Australia.

"We had heard that the weather was not unlike that of California," the man explained. "But what really attracted us was the psychological and political climate. People were not caught up in a mass anxiety neurosis. You could read newspapers without being vibrated from one crisis to another.

"When we arrived in Australia, it was even better than we had hoped. Both my wife and I got jobs as teachers. We never knew how really free academic freedom could be until we taught in Sydney. There was very little special privilege. People weren't easily impressed by fancy manners or bank balances. And my boy stopped having nightmares about nuclear war."

Having just been in Australia, I could attest to all the attractions, both natural and sociological, of the country. But I was puzzled. What caused him to decide to return to the United States?

The man was silent for a moment.

"It wasn't an easy decision," he said. "At first, we relished being able to have conversations with people without even mentioning the bomb. Then I found myself going to the library or the American Embassy to pick up airmail copies of the *New York Times*—just to avoid the feeling of being cut off altogether. And every now and then I would meet another American and we would hungrily ask each other about news from home.

"Finally, we got to resenting the absence of concern in talking to our neighbors or our professional colleagues. It's a sports-loving country. The weather is ideal. But that's precisely the point. The more we read and the more we thought, the more we realized that this was probably the finest place in the world for a vacation; but it was too much of a good thing—at least for us.

"In the end, we discovered what I suppose we should have known in the beginning. We discovered that what we missed the most were the very things we tried to get away from in the first place. What made the situation impossible for us ultimately was that we knew that Australia was exposed to as much danger as anyone else—except that no one seemed to be worried about it. And we became even more disturbed by the reluctance of the Australians to accept their involvement in the world than we were by the extremists back in the United States who had made life so unpleasant for us because they disagreed with us. We felt incredibly remote."

"You mean you are returning to Orange County?"

"Yes, Birchers and all. I don't know if I can get my old job back. I'll probably find something."

"What about the anxiety neurosis?"

"It'll be pretty tough to take but I might as well face it. I suppose I can stand anything except total separation and detachment. And it will be easier to take it this time knowing what the alternative is. Some other Americans there are making the same decision."

I had the feeling that my friend may have underestimated the Australians, who struck me as a remarkably well-balanced and well-informed people. Even so, with or without respect to the nuclear migrants, the evidence is clear that in the twentieth century man has no escape from man. On this planet at least, the human confrontation will continue until such time as man defaults his way to the final encounter or comprehends the preciousness of life and creates the means for safeguarding it. The choice today is not between escape and disaster. It is, as it always was, between the satisfactions that blind and the responsibilities that awaken.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Diagnosing a Crisis

I HAVE JUST READ Calvin Kytle's article "Testament of a Transplanted White Southerner" [*SR*, May 30]. As a member of the white majority in a community that has recently gained some publicity from civil rights demonstrations here, I have come more fully to realize what Mr. Kytle so effectively points out—that too many men and women have not yet learned to be color-blind.

MRS. RICHARD H. NEELD.
Madison, N.J.

I WAS OVERWHELMED while reading Calvin Kytle's article by a recollection of an incident that occurred some twelve years ago. Perhaps it will interest your readers.

The place was a small college town in Kentucky; the time was fall; students from America and all parts of the world were arriving. One member of this group was the son of an African chieftain. He had been tattooed across the cheeks in distinctive marks that, when recognized by members of his tribe, caused them to bow and otherwise act deferentially. He had come under the influence of Baptist missionaries and had been able to come to America to pursue his studies. Already he was a distinguished scholar in English literature, spoke several languages, and was in constant demand for discussion groups and religious services. His religious conviction and knowledge of the Bible, coupled with his charm, impressed both students and faculty.

The fateful day occurred the first Sunday on campus. My friend had naturally decided to attend the local Baptist church, since, through being a part of the larger Baptist organization, it had contributed so much to his development. I attended another church and it was only that evening that I got the full story from him. I don't know whether anyone gave him any warning of what to expect; certainly he was acutely unprepared and shocked, as were his white-skinned fellow students, when after the service he was called aside by several of the church deacons. "It would be better if you didn't come back to this church," was the way one of them put it. "You can worship at the church on the campus."

My friend's shame and humiliation were immeasurable. "Never before have I been subjected to such a degrading experience," he told me in his room that night. We talked about the hypocrisy and incomprehensibility of a church that sends missionaries and then acts so inanely toward one of its converts. Then, as I was leaving, he said, "You know, Peter, if I were to write my father about this incident— a simple statement of the facts—within twenty-four hours every Christian missionary would either be killed or run across the border. But I'm not going to write."

There were repercussions from this incident. The Baptist youth group fell to a handful; one of the church's youth directors who seemed to feel that something was wrong in the church was fired; and, of course, the deacons saw to it that they weren't caught napping again by the brazen entrance of a Negro youth who went into their church as if he belonged there. And I will never forget that look in his eye and his knowledge of the sheer certainty of the fate of those missionaries if my friend had proved to be any less of a man or a Christian.

PETER R. WHITIS, M.D.
Imperial Beach, Calif.

"Do you think I *like* being a Philistine?"

Ill-humored Humor?

RACIAL PREJUDICE is a serious matter, and the subject deserves something better than the irredeemably smug "Dialogue in a Taxi," by Goodman Ace [*SR*, May 23]. Mr. Broadminded puts Mr. Bigot in his place, but only by violating logic and by committing his own brands of prejudice. The Negro convert to Judaism is equated with being nobler than the driver because he goes to synagogue more frequently. What is so superior about regular attendance at religious services, any religious services? There are intelligent and humane people all over the world who attend no church. Spinsterhood is accepted by both characters in the story as being unfortunate. What is *per se* so disgraceful about being unmarried?

ALFRED GRAY REID.
San Francisco, Calif.

Quotation and Contex

THE DOUBLE-CROSTIC in *SR*'s May 16 issue uses this quotation: "Education has a low priority in unions. One reason is the self-satisfaction of union leaders with themselves and their programs. Who needs educating? But a more substantial reason is fear that education may make their members ambitious rivals for their own jobs."

If this quotation were included in a story or article, where a reader could ponder it and reason out its pros and cons, I would not object. But the use of it as the sole answer to a puzzle where the reader is confronted with serious misinformation possibly taken out of context is completely out of place. . . . I and many other unionists who know the facts are deeply disturbed by this "misquotation" as a puzzle solution.

CARL SCHLESINGER,
Director of Education,
New York Typographical Union No. 6.
New York, N.Y.

The Latest Pirandello

OUR HEARTS ARE BRIMMING with gladness and our heads swelling with pride over Saul Colin's review praising William Weaver's translation of *The Late Mattia Pascal*, by Pirandello [*SR*, May 16]. But I'm afraid Mr. Colin might mislead readers with the phrases "the novel has been cut by a third of its original length" and "new streamlined version." This simply is not true. Mr. Weaver translated the novel from the Mondadori "Biblioteca moderna" standard, *uncut* edition (the postscripts, etc., were, of course, added by Pirandello himself). Mondadori are Pirandello's official publishers. If there are any *minor* differences between the edition Mr. Weaver used and the first edition, they were Pirandello's own changes. To further document his case that this is an uncut version of *The Late Mattia Pascal*, Mr. Weaver checked with the heirs and with Sandro d'Amico, a Pirandello authority. Mr. Colin is in error. This edition has not been shortened by a third.

DOUGLAS ANDREWS,
Doubleday & Company, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

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The Paris of Mr. Clean

THE visitor who has not taken an intensive turn at Paris recently will find among the people a certain unfamiliar sense of order and a sense of pliability, equally unfamiliar. The cab drivers, assuming you can find an empty cab when you want one, don't appear to be quite as dyspeptic as they were in years gone by, and in the days I have been here not one refused the address, cursed at the tip, or thundered off without giving me the proper change. In my old days in Paris, this might have been entered as a new record. No waiters were brusque, no porters impolite, and nobody was out on strike. The cleaning of the Paris monuments and other buildings seems to have given the city a new lift, and it imparts a sense of authority to a city in which the proper proportion of anarchy was as important as the proper amount of yeast in the bread.

The old exaggerated sense of individualism doesn't show itself these Gaullist days until one gets into a car and pulls away from the curb. Then, as in joyous days of yore, it is every man for himself. The edict against horn-blowing proved a temporary restraint and a case of interlocking bumpers on the Place de la Concorde is liable to snarl traffic clear up to the Etoile, to have ramifications as far as Chartres, and to cause a burst of cacophony that sounds like a German band tuning up after too many beers.

That aggressive, determined, almost fanatic mien that all Frenchmen assume upon getting behind the wheel makes a mad carousel of the Arch of Triumph and its twelve converging avenues. And while it is enormously convenient to let Hertz put you in the driver's seat, you will also get, for no extra charge, a Frenchman on your bumper for the duration of your sojourn.

Walking in peace under the leafy streets, it is as if the old arrogance and the independent attitudes were suffocated, or at least subdued, perhaps by the successions of political debacles that reach from Indo-China to Algeria, perhaps by the authoritarian attitude of the government. But while the traveler who comes back to France may rejoice in the new-found amity of the man in the street, he is not likely to enjoy the current attitudes of the government. No one who made the pilgrimage back to Normandy for the twentieth anniversary of the landings there, or who read Drew Middleton's dispatches in the European edition of the *New York Times*, is likely ever to forget or to forgive the remarks by de Gaulle's delegate, Jean Sainteny. A former minister for tourism, and a man who only a few years ago was eager to attract Americans to France, he is now French minister for foreign affairs. With his new portfolio Mr. Sainteny came to St. Lô, the scene of the bitterest and bloodiest American action in the Normandy campaign, and told how the work of the French resistance gave "the maximum chance of success" to Allied landings. He recalled the death of thirty-three members of the resistance at St. Lô, without ever mentioning the battle that took place there.

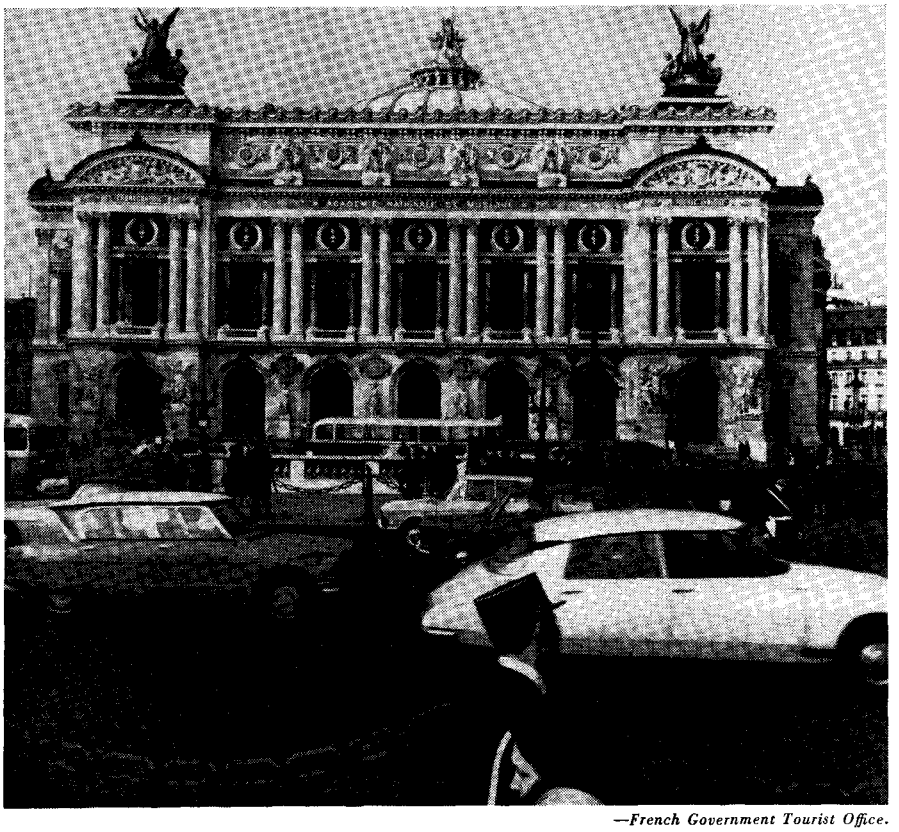
The previous day Mr. Sainteny was at Bayeux scoring the Allies for "underestimating and underarming" the resistance and using it too late. Although the Allies had provided arms for only 1,000 of the alleged 30,000 members of the resistance, he said, the underground had tied up ten German divisions. The minister, while finding little save criticism for the Allies, did manage to pursue the present amity line with Germany by praising the great courage and fighting ability of the Nazi army.

The official French version of D-Day, an anniversary elaborately ignored by de Gaulle, was reminiscent, in its self-serving way, of the editorial comment of *Red Star*, which said that "the Soviet Union had shown it was able to defeat Germany alone. . . . Through delaying the opening of the second front, the imperialists expected that in the deadly struggle the Soviet Union and Fascist Germany would bleed themselves white and would not be able to recover, while the United States and Britain would dominate the world."

To travelers from the United States who have always viewed France as a second homeland, the party line from Paris seems hardly less distorted than the one from Moscow. Yet, except for a few isolated cases, it seems to stop at the rim of official circles. Only occasionally, in the course of a pleasant promenade with a Frenchman, did I find myself being warned, as Washington had been warned, that since France had been licked in Southeast Asia my country would be wise not to engage in the fight itself. It is almost as if there was fear that France would lose face if we were successful.

All these attitudes need not spoil planned pilgrimages to Normandy or to the rest of France, for they hardly reflect the general feeling of the press or the public. The French newspapers gave heavy play to the anniversay of the landings, and *Paris-Match*, a sort of French version of *Life* and *Look*, produced an anniversary issue that will surely become a collector's item.

It is only when leaving the country that the tourist will once more run afoul



—*French Government Tourist Office.*

The Paris Opera, freshly cleaned—old city, new ways.

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of the government. One of the ministries has succeeded in raising the French airport tax to a whopping $5 per person, levied on passengers departing for America. The previous tax, better than $3, was already the highest in Europe, and second only to that of Peru and to the French island of Tahiti, which charges over $4. To top off the offense, and that's what it is, passengers must also pay taxes for traveling from one airport to another inside France. Thus a passenger departing from Nice to New York by way of Paris must pay a tax of nearly $1 for the privilege of departing by the Nice airport for the capital, and then another $5 for the privilege of transferring out of Orly. With a few people in the family, the bill can become a major item, and were I Air France I would immediately raise a monumental hullabaloo. It will not take people long to fashion their itineraries so that they will leave the Continent by way of Brussels, Geneva, or London, where a more modest levy exists.

Air France's beleaguered counter personnel, charged with extracting the tax from the passengers, are quick to point out that the tax is not their doing, and they openly admit that their government is wrong. Yet it has proven to be a government that is singularly unconcerned with what anybody else thinks. It is a strange pose indeed to see France's tourist people in the United States striving so hard to perpetuate the image of low-cost tourism in their country while another branch of the government creates an offensive barrier that will surely turn people toward other countries.

Despite its problems, Air France does have some singular attributes, and not the least of them is a definite French air that it exudes in perfumed gobs. The hostesses are stylish whether they are in their dress clothes or their pale blue serving smocks; the cuisine, as can be expected, is more than one can comfortably entertain, and to while away the short hours that exist between New York and Paris, there is the unmistakable essence of style that comes from French magazines or from the pictures of the Louvre that can be examined through viewers supplied by the purser.

Orly has turned into a modern airport with all the improvements (shopping carts for baggage when you can find them) and most of the disadvantages (enormous walks from the plane to the terminal) of the world's jet-age depots. The road to town is fast and new, but, except for the new façades, there is little that is new, really, about Paris. There are few cities in the world that have resisted change so successfully, and perhaps there is an advantage to it, for Paris imparts a feeling of permanence and age that is rare among modernizing metropolises. There is still

—*Dolores Flatlex, Monkmeyer.*

Gargoyle's-eye view of Paris.

not a new hotel of importance in Paris—the local hoteliers have done a masterful job of fending off any heresy like that—and the Plaza Athenée has that same look—shall I call it matured elegance?—that I always remembered. Governor Lacerda had taken up residence with a posse of fashionable Brazilians, and they came and went from the Brazilian embassy up the street under the more or less watchful eye of a pair of agents permanently stationed at the hotel's entrance.

The walls of the Plaza enclose a charming garden set with the bright mushrooms of umbrella-topped tables, but it seemed never to be in use, neither for lunch nor for cocktails, and certainly not for breakfast. If you descend from the fastness of your room for breakfast, the French waiters will do little more than endure your presence. But the view from the front door of the hotel with the familiar shape of the Eiffel Tower, decorated for its anniversary this year, was unfailingly uplifting. And for women there is the proximity of Guy LaRouche, and virtually across the street there is the hallowed *maison* of Christian Dior.

THE night I arrived I fell into the Relais-Plaza, a fashionable short-order restaurant in a corner of the hotel. I hadn't been there for years, but it hardly seemed to have changed. The customers continue to be rather chic, and well they might, for a supper will run six or eight dollars per diner. The last time I was there Sagan was the rage, and she had obliged my curiosity by occupying a table in the corner. I must say, considering the timeless quality of the place, that I somehow expected her still to be sitting there.

Up the first morning, a warm Saturday, I was bundled off by friends to the Bois for lunch at La Grande Cascade, which seems to have been doing business at the same green corner since Marie Antoinette was chatelaine at Versailles. The food was not particularly distinguished, but the setting is lovely, with orange umbrellas hanging over banks of hydrangeas and, as usual, a wedding party looking hectic and scrubbed, bustling about inside the glass doors.

Lunch at La Grande Cascade costs a flat six dollars and is probably more at Pré Catalan, also in the Bois. The restaurants in the Bois are not for the poor people, with the exception, perhaps, of places like the snack bar in the Bagatelle, a charming enclave where we strolled after lunch. The red and yellow straw chairs were scattered under the sycamores, and a serpentine hedge held together the park with its weeping willows, its blue spruces and wall-climbing roses. Up on the knoll stands the fussy little pergola with its gingerbread arches, the elaborate shelter that the Count d'Arbois, Marie Antoinette's brother-in-law, occupied while watching his son ride horses around the rose garden. Down another pebbled walk we came upon the small trip chateau, the *folie* of Bagatelle, with its lovely shade trees in the sunken well that formed its garden. "Considering the crowd," my friend said in that ironic logic that only the French can fashion, "it's your own park."

We got back into the car and drove over to the Parc de Camping, where anyone with the proper equipment can pitch a tent in Paris. A summer campsite operated by the Touring Club of France, it provided a nesting place for 90,000 people last year, 80,000 of them foreigners, including a few from Greenland, India, and Japan. Thirty-five cents per person covers the night, plus another fourteen cents for the car. Cars and buses pull up along the river bank, and soon tenting that is bright blue or shocking yellow sprouts under the trees. Some carry washing machines and freezers, and there are hookups for sewage disposal, electricity, and even television. The campgrounds also have a snack bar for those too tired to cook, and a snappy glass-walled supermarket that sells everything from camp stoves to Quaker's sugar pops. The bus to Neuilly leaves every fifteen minutes, and from there it's a fast subway ride into town. Indeed, the whole arrangement is so inviting that the management has had to make it quite explicit that they do not entertain residents, and stays must be limited to one month.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

People's Choice

NOTHING brings out the best in a theater audience like the opportunity to participate in the rags-to-riches triumph of an understudy who is suddenly called upon to take over and succeeds in being better than the more famous star he is replacing. Usually such a miracle is witnessed by audiences whose appreciation is not publicized. For, since the star almost always returns, it would be foolish of the producer to advertise the fact that customers will then be seeing a "second-best" performance.

But in the case of Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival production of *Hamlet*, in which its star, Alfred Ryder, developed severe laryngitis in Shakespeare's longest and most demanding role, there is no box-office revenue. Therefore it can be happily reported that a virtually unknown forty-two-year-old actor named Robert Burr has taken over the part with remarkably good results, and that the audience is cheering him on every line of the way.

Mr. Burr, who in his long period of understudying the current Broadway Hamlet appears to have acquired many of Richard Burton's vocal characteristics, here offers us a warm, gentle, and democratic prince. Unlike most Hamlets, he is a man readily identifiable with every member of a plebeian audience and seems to be responding sensibly and unaffectedly to each situation as it occurs. Mr. Burr's best moments are the joshing ones—the tender jollity with his father's ghost as it burrows underground on its way back to Purgatory, and his merrily scornful "Oh, here they come" as he faces the pursuing courtiers. Rarely does he try to raise the voltage to the thrilling peaks we expect in the Hamlets of great actors. Indeed, when he does turn up the volume for "Ah, vengeance!" the strain is noticeable. But reasonable anger, reasonable scorn, and reasonable sorrow suit him well, and the total production benefits from the credibility of his interpretation.

For a sane Hamlet in a mad world justifies Mr. Papp's directorial inventions. The opening silent funeral procession, in which Gertrude flings herself remorsefully on her late husband's coffin and is pulled away by Claudius, puts the focus on the corrupt court around Hamlet rather than on the prince's inner state. In his scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Hamlet simultaneously shakes the hands of his hypocritical friends, so that knowing "a hawk from a handsaw" now seems to mean that he has discovered the way of a despicable world.

The cast is the most distinguished of any in the Central Park productions to date. Julie Harris, a disappointingly average Ophelia in the early scenes, becomes quite touching and lovely in her first mad scene. Nan Martin, a rather sad and quiet Gertrude, bursts into eloquence as she describes Ophelia's death. Howard Da Silva makes a lighthearted Claudius, and it is hard to believe that Gertrude would have married him, except that the ghost, as played by Lou Polan, seems a bit of a cutthroat, too. Mr. Da Silva also uses a strangely casual style of speaking, so that after he has read the letter from Hamlet, he turns to Laertes and seems to say, "There's a postscript here; he says 'hello.'"

The rest of the cast provides solid support. Staats Cotsworth's class-conscious Polonius, Clifford David's self-centered Laertes, John Randolph's know-it-all grave-digger, and Tom Klunis's attractive Horatio all contribute to a smooth production. And Stacy Keach, Jr., who sprang into prominence with a dynamic Henry V at last summer's festival in Ashland, Oregon, makes an impressive New York debut in the roles of Marcellus and the Player King.

While the dramatic effectiveness of this *Hamlet* has been overshadowed by the success story of Robert Burr, the critic should try to put this aside and find the significance of this happy accident. Certainly it is not that understudies are always more talented than stars. Rather, I suspect, it is that, as the Royal Shakespeare Company so recently demonstrated, we have reached a time when the old star solos of great virtuosity has become too unreal. Therefore we may be turning to a kind of Shakespeare performance that will represent his great characters as less superhuman, less exotic, and less sure of themselves than before. If so, a star's colorful personality and volatility may prove less beneficial to a production than simpler qualities and mastery of technique. —HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FRANGLAIS OR ENGLENCH?

With "all France" debating the perfidious infiltration into their language of English and American words, Elinor Kamath, an American now residing in Paris, France, has come up with a bilingual teaser. All words in all three columns below can be used in English as English words. However, for the purpose of this quiz, those in Column One are French, Column Two, bilingual, and Column Three, English. None of the French words require accents. You are asked to key Columns One and Three on Column Two by matching French words in Column One to their English synonyms in Column Two, and then matching English words in Column Three to their French equivalents in Column Two. (Example: verse, POUR, for.) Denouement on page 23.

( ) charge	(1) ACTION	( ) race
( ) coin	(2) BOND	( ) edition
( ) complexion	(3) CAP	( ) wrong
( ) lien	(4) CHAT	( ) share
( ) trace	(5) COMPACT	( ) pull
( ) foyer	(6) CORNER	( ) cat
( ) four	(7) COURSE	( ) pantry
( ) fatique	(8) COURT	( ) sincerity
( ) billet	(9) DISPOSITION	( ) justify
( ) combat	(10) DISTINCT	( ) statement
( ) parent	(11) FRANCHISE	( ) head
( ) stage	(12) GRIEF	( ) service
( ) suffrage	(13) IMPRESSION	( ) account
( ) chagrin	(14) MOTIVE	( ) separate
( ) tribunal	(15) NOTE	( ) dense
( ) bonnet	(16) OFFICE	( ) fountain
( ) convention	(17) RANGE	( ) blare
( ) net	(18) RELATION	( ) short
( ) mobile	(19) SOURCE	( ) spring
( ) cause	(20) TIRE	( ) marshal

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TV AND RADIO

Oops! Wrong Hamlet!

NEW YORK'S WCBS-TV recently presented a three-hour-and-ten-minute production of *Hamlet* in prime evening time; it was a videotape version of the New York Shakespeare Festival's first performance of the 1964 summer season in Central Park. Most viewers probably went to bed disappointed. Alfred Ryder, who played Hamlet, was struggling with laryngitis, and his muted reading seemed to disconcert his fellow players, robbing the company's efforts of assurance and inspiration. Next morning, viewers who scanned their local newspapers discovered that they had seen the wrong *Hamlet*. While they had been watching Mr. Ryder on television, a live "second-night" audience in Central Park had enjoyed, according to the critics, an entirely buoyed-up performance of the play, paced by Robert Burr, an actor who is Richard Burton's understudy in the latter's current production of *Hamlet* on Broadway. Mr. Burr had stepped into the lead after three hours' rehearsal and had transformed Festival Producer Joseph Papp's production into a different play (see page 18).

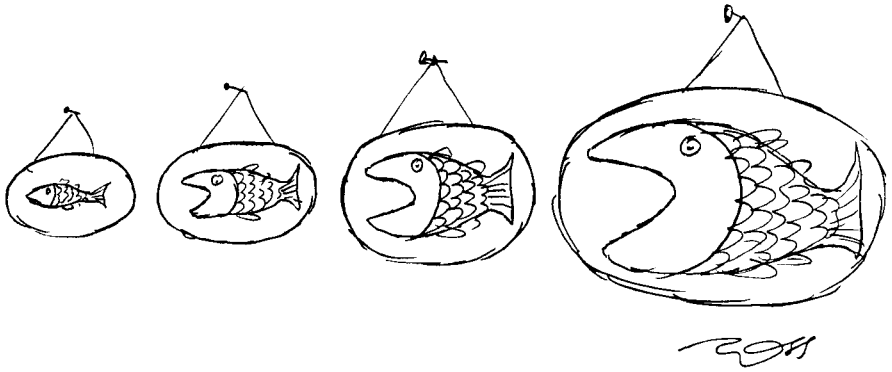
The CBS flagship station makes an annual event of televising the opening production of the New York Shakespeare Festival. For this season's first presentation, the station had pre-empted three top network shows locally (Dick Van Dyke, *Beverly Hillbillies*, and Danny Kaye), plus one of its own programs. The night *Hamlet* was taped, it was apparent to the producers that Mr. Ryder's voice was far from top form. Audio engineers did all they could to lift the volume of his voice. On the afternoon of the scheduled broadcast, the station's managers knew they had a defective performance on their hands. They learned also that Mr. Burr would replace Mr. Ryder, thus bringing about the odd situation in which the television audience would unknowingly be watching a *Hamlet* different from the one being performed in the park.

The station had advertised and promoted the production at its announced hour. Arrangements for a live pick-up could not be made in time, and such an effort would be inconsistent with general industry policy on live *vs.* pre-recorded programs. The purpose of videotaping shows in advance is to insure against any kind of unexpected failure in production. The risk is compounded by the weather in an outdoor production. WCBS-TV, with no alternative in the regrettable development, put the tape on the air, hoping that the total values of the play would outweigh the star's misfortune.

Hamlet is a play with only one great character, and each viewer must decide subjectively whether a *Hamlet* without Hamlet is worth watching. The Prince's protracted failure to avenge his father's murder is made palatable to me only by the rich texture of his world-weariness, his rationalizations, and the clash of his generous impulses with cunning and brutal sentiments. All these depend on the words, and the words in Mr. Ryder's mouth—despite his intelligent readings—were agonizingly silenced and hurried by his lack of vocal energy.

ONE would have to see Mr. Papp's production in Central Park to judge it. A television reproduction is a useful public service but is never really satisfactory, since the cameras must follow motion planned for a live audience. The right Hamlet might have salvaged the evening, but, ironically, while he was exciting audiences in the park, WCBS-TV, on the air, was stuck with its videotape "insurance."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Fiction

LEAH, Seymour Epstein. Little, Brown, $4.95. (*SR,* June 6)—Mr. Right is not among those courting an attractive, and sympathetic, thirty-seven-year-old spinster.

THE SPIRE, William Golding. Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95 (*SR,* Apr. 18)—The building of Salisbury's cathedral spire is the symbolic subject of this powerful British novel.

THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE, Shirley Ann Grau. Knopf, $4.95 (*SR,* Mar. 21)—Only the Southern countryside is serene in this tale of a racist whose sins catch up to him.

SECOND SKIN, John Hawkes. New Directions, $4 (*SR,* Mar. 28)—This novel is about survival, especially for a former World War II naval officer who seems to find wisdom amid a terrifying existence.

THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL, John Cheever. Harper & Row, $4.95 (*SR,* Jan. 4)—Amusing but sad commentary on contemporary life, concerned not only with the decline of a family but the decay of a culture.

THE LOWLIFE, Alexander Baron. Yoseloff, $4.50 — Effervescent British novel about a London Jew, gambler by profession and garment presser by trade, adopted as playmate by a lonely four-year-old.

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD, John LeCarré. Coward-McCann, $4.50 (*SR,* Jan. 25)—A small cast of characters topped by a British intelligence ace on a critical mission to East Berlin makes up possibly the best spy story since *The 39 Steps.*

CHILDREN AT THE GATE, Edward Lewis Wallant. Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95 (*SR,* Feb. 29)—A new Christ-image is created by the confrontation of a nonconformist Jew who identifies himself with the depraved and a nonconformist Catholic who identifies with no one.

Nonfiction

WHEN THE CHEERING STOPPED: The Last Years of Woodrow Wilson, Gene Smith. Morrow. $5.95 (*SR,* Mar. 14)—Deeply compelling new view of the man who presided over a turning point in American history.

A VIEW OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, Laurens van der Post. Morrow, $6.95 (*SR,* May 2) — A penetrating report on the Soviet Union by a Westerner more interested in its people than its policies.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, Ernest Hemingway. Scribners, $4.95 (*SR,* May 16)—Fascinating insights—often quite personal and even petulant—into a young and talented writer's early days in Paris and elsewhere.

I CANNOT FORGIVE, Rudolf Vrba. Grove, $5 —Written from personal experience in the Auschwitz extermination camp during World War II.

CRISIS IN BLACK AND WHITE, Charles E. Silberman. Random House, $5.95 (*SR,* May 16)—Tough-minded, painful, but clarifying and compassionate critique of the Negro problem in America.

THEATER

Henry Hewes

AFTER THE FALL (*SR,* Feb. 15) — Arthur Miller's examination of human viciousness; the best new American play this season.

THE TROJAN WOMEN—A remarkable staging of Euripides's tragedy.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING (*SR,* Oct. 28, 1961) and **THE FANTASTICKS** (*SR,* May 21, 1960)—Long-running musical attractions from previous seasons that are better than anything in the current season.

THE DEPUTY (*SR,* Mar. 14) — Controversy about the Vatican's allegedly too passive attitude toward World War II genocide.

BLUES FOR MISTER CHARLIE (*SR,* May 9) —Racial violence in the South, militantly viewed by James Baldwin.

IN WHITE AMERICA—This dramatized history of American race relations is clearly a worthwhile educational experience.

THE KNACK (*SR,* June 20)—Entertaining exercise in the techniques of seduction.

MUSIC

Irving Kolodin

SYMPHONIES NOS. 95 AND 101 (Haydn) —The late Fritz Reiner's skills as a molder of orchestral material were never more vividly revealed than in this final recording of last fall, in which a "studio" ensemble sounds like a small-scaled version of his great Chicago ensemble. The results are all to the benefit of Haydn. (RCA Victor)

HOROWITZ RECITAL—Vladimir Horowitz is in the best of good form here in sonorously rich, spiritually full performances of works by Chopin, Beethoven, and Debussy. Deep, resonant piano sound. (Columbia)

MUSIC FOR STRINGS, PERCUSSION AND CELESTE (Bartók)—Leonard Bernstein is intimately acquainted with every detail of this work, brilliantly performed by the New York Philharmonic. (Columbia)

ART

Katharine Kuh

THE PRIVATE WORLD OF JOHN SINGER SARGENT opening at the Cleveland Museum of Art on July 7. More than 160 works including paintings, watercolors, drawings, lithographs, and little-known sculptures by this gifted American artist.

MASTERPIECES FROM THE AMERICAS at the Museum of Primitive Art, New York. Some 300 works provide a panorama of North, Middle, and South American primitive art, including Pre-Columbian gold, North Pacific masks, stone carvings, ceramics, and Peruvian textiles of the highest quality.

THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME at the Jewish Museum, New York. An important archeological exhibition demonstrates widely differing images of ancient gods from biblical and pre-biblical Near Eastern cultures.

KAROLIK MEMORIAL EXHIBITION at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Paintings, drawings, prints, sculpture, and cabinetwork trace the development of American art from 1720 to 1875.

ART IN A CHANGING WORLD at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. Seven simultaneous exhibitions mark the opening of the museum's new galleries. Twelve hundred works, including sculpture, paintings, architecture, design, photographs, drawings, and prints.

BETWEEN THE FAIRS: 25 YEARS OF AMERICAN ART, 1939-1964 at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. A timely show.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Margaret R. Weiss

THE SEARCHING EYE—Twenty-minute color film produced by Saul Bass (continuous performance, free, at Kodak Pavilion, New York World's Fair). Multi-image, time-lapse, stop-action, underwater, and aerial photography.

WORLD ARCHITECTURE TODAY, ed. by John Donat. Viking, $15—Four hundred excellent photographs and detailed plans of fifty buildings in twenty-two countries exemplify new directions of architecture in a scientific and industrial world.

RADIO-TV

Robert Lewis Shayon

(Consult local listings for times)

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION COVERAGE ON ALL THREE NETWORKS — A highlight is General Dwight D. Eisenhower as a member of ABC-TV's reporting team. Also **EISENHOWER REVIEWS THE GOP CONVENTION,** ABC-TV Sunday, July 19, 5-6 P.M. EDT.

THE GREAT CONVENTIONS. PART I. HISTORY OF GOP CONVENTIONS IN THE PAST FOUR DECADES, CBS-TV. Eric Sevareid, Moderator, Wednesday, July 8, 7:30 P.M. EDT.

SPORTS SPECTACULAR, CBS-TV — World's Professional Grass Court Tennis Championship from Longwood Cricket Club, Boston, Sunday, July 12, 5 P.M. EDT.

US-USSR TRACK MEET, ABC-TV—Live from Los Angeles Coliseum, Saturday, July 25, 9:30 P.M.; Sunday, July 26, 10 P.M. EDT.

MOVIES

Hollis Alpert and Arthur Knight

ISLAND OF THE BLUE DOLPHINS (*SR,* May 23)—This story of an Indian girl marooned on an island off the California coast is both authentic Americana and an enormously appealing story for children and their parents.

THE COOL WORLD (*SR,* Apr. 25)—This grim story about Harlem focuses on a teen-age boy who thinks self-knowledge and success come from ownership of a "piece," or gun.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE (*SR,* Apr. 18)— James Bond at peace and war with the Russians, or How to Love a Spy and Learn Soviet Secrets.

THE SERVANT (*SR,* Oct. 5, 1963, and Mar. 14)—A London townhouse is the setting for the strange and sinister emergence of a servant's power over his young, blond-haired master. Beautifully acted and staged.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT (*SR,* Apr. 4) — Two utterly engaging but maddening teen-age girls make well-known concert pianist Peter Sellers the victim of puppy love.

THE BANDITS OF ORGOLOSO (*SR,* July 9)— The simple but powerful story of a Sardinian shepherd whose flock of sheep is his life until he loses them and becomes a bandit.

MISCELLANEOUS

IN A DARK TIME—A film about poet Theodore Roethke, shown recently at the Young Men's Hebrew Association in New York and now available for replay in schools, etc. More than a documentary, it presents the image of a man of towering artistic and human stature.

EARL "FATHA" HINES—Without a doubt one of the great pianists of jazz history, Earl Hines still leaves his audience dazzled by the generosity and virtuosity of his performance. Currently playing on the West Coast.

HOW YOU WERE BORN (LP written and recorded by Roberta Leigh)—Especially for children with parents tongue-tied at explaining the facts of life. Big success in England, and now available from Brighton Record Company, P.O. Box 666, Port Washington, N.Y., $1.95.

JOHN F. KENNEDY: A SELF-PORTRAIT, "Gallant Warrior of the Thousand Days"—Nothing was more memorable or characteristic about JFK than his voice and his ideas. Both are preserved here in this two-record selection of major speeches and addresses with an introduction by Carl Sandburg. (Caedmon)

ALL BY MYSELF, Anna Russell—A one-woman show in which skits, monologues, and songs are performed with rare originality and hilarity. 41st St. Theatre, New York.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

On the Threshold of the Enduring

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24 The Futile Crusade: Anti-Communism as American Credo, by Sidney Lens

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26 The Plant, The Well, The Angel: A Trilogy, by Vassilis Vassilikos

27 New Voices '64, edited by Hayes B. Jacobs

27 Manor House, by Johannes Meintjes

28 A Gazelle on the Lawn, by Douglas Fairbairn

28 Pearson of Canada, by John Robinson Beal; The Four Faces of Peace: And the International Outlook, by Lester B. Pearson edited by Sherleigh G. Pierson; Renegade in Power: The Diefenbaker Years, by Peter C. Newman

30 Poetry Quarterly: An evaluation by James Schevill of new volumes

33 SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

MOST critics agree that there has been a significant change in the tone of American fiction in the past ten or fifteen years. In his examination of some of the writers of the Fifties, *After Alienation: American Novels in Mid-Century* (World, $5.95), Marcus Klein states the situation this way: "Our best and our most serious novelists have in the years since mid-century, I believe, been engaged by an agony different from that which our best and our most serious novelists just before them knew." Discussing five novelists—Saul Bellow, Ralph Ellison, James Baldwin, Wright Morris, and Bernard Malamud—he tries to determine where the difference lies.

The two terms he uses are "alienation," to describe the mood of earlier writers, and "accommodation," to describe the present mood. I do not like either term, for each has to be defined in a special way to suit Klein's needs, and each has misleading connotations. But, since he explains what he means by them, the words will do.

From the beginning of the century to the end of World War II, he argues, many of our writers felt themselves to be outside American society and took advantage of their position to attack that society. He looks upon Van Wyck Brooks and Randolph Bourne as leaders of the revolt against the status quo and shows how widespread it was. After the war, he continues, "the revolution in behalf of an alienated engagement found itself ancient, respectable, and irrelevant to the social reality." (He does not explain how and why this happened.) Some writers, such as Norman Mailer, tried to carry on rebellion for rebellion's sake and some, such as Herman Wouk and Sloan Wilson popularize a much too easy kind of accommodation, but the best found a new path. "By 'accommodation' I mean to suggest that simultaneous engagement and disengagement which is the characteristic movement of the novel in these past years. The hero begins in freedom of the self and discovers that he is isolated. The hero chooses community—he assumes racial obligations, or he declares himself a patriot, or he makes love—and he discovers that he has sacrificed his identity, and his adventures begin all over again."

Klein names a number of writers whose work is relevant to his thesis, but he has chosen to limit himself to five, and he has done well for he has been able to discuss those five with some thoroughness. When he turns from generalizations to particular novelists, we discover how good a critic he can be. For one thing, he is a diligent researcher: no document is too obscure for him, not even Malamud's M.A. thesis at Columbia. More important, he is a careful, intelligent reader, sometimes perhaps over-ingenious but usually sound. Although he relies chiefly on textual analysis, he goes all the way around his subjects.

He begins with Saul Bellow, whose novels, he says, have been "altogether the most exciting fiction in these years." Carefully examining and interpreting each of Bellow's novels, he shows the emergence of certain themes. "The cement of civilization is love, which is selflessness, and each of Bellow's protagonists is forced, like Augie, to suffer confusion between love and an independent fate. Not only that, he must strain to reconcile these opposites. That is what the struggle for 'accommodation' comes to." All of Bellow's heroes, Klein says, "struggle to admit love to their freedom, to be themselves and at the same time to have a place in the human community." On the whole, though bothered at times by his terminology, I think Klein gets remarkably close to Bellow.

The next two essays are on Ralph Ellison and James Baldwin, the former beginning with a general discussion of the Negro writer in America. Klein proceeds by offering a most meticulous, though somewhat repetitious, analysis of *Invisible Man*. He is less satisfactory on Baldwin. Baldwin's central problem, he says, is the problem of identity, which is similar to the central problems of Bellow and Ellison. But he maintains that Baldwin's quest for identity leads him to self-pity, which vitiates his work. Klein finds most of the evidence for this charge in the essays, and it seems to me

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that he does not pay enough attention to the novels. I agree that *Go Tell It on the Mountain* is Baldwin's most satisfying novel, but there is much more to be said about *Another Country* than he has said. Baldwin has plenty of problems on his hands, and he may fail to solve them, but it is too soon to charge him with evasion.

The next two chapters are excellent. Klein is, so far as I know, the first critic to see Wright Morris's work as a whole. In the fifteen books he has published in slightly more than twenty years, Morris has made an extraordinary effort to delineate and define the peculiar quality of contemporary American life. As Klein says, Morris was chiefly concerned with the past at the beginning of his career. Later, however, he recognized the dangers of nostalgia, and wrote about them in his collection of critical essays, *The Territory Ahead*. Since then he has looked squarely at the present. Klein is not completely happy about the recent novels, but he knows what Morris was trying to do, and he makes us see how we should approach *What a Way to Go* and *Cause for Wonder*.

Klein subtitles his chapter on Bernard Malamud "The Sadness of Goodness." He sees, as others have seen, that compassion is Malamud's great quality and suffering his principal theme. I believe that, in his preoccupation with Malamud as a Jewish writer, Klein occasionally gets off the track, as in some of the things he says about *A New Life*, but by and large he is a good interpreter.

WHAT I most admire about Klein is his careful reading of his five writers, and although I disagree with some of his conclusions, I find nothing that is superficial or silly. As to his generalizations, I object only to the terminology. In his afterword he recognizes that the writers he calls "alienated" had a set of sharply defined values, which permitted them to attack with confidence the existing order. Since World War II few writers have had that kind of confidence, and they have had to define the good, the beautiful, and the true in much narrower terms. Moreover, the social order is changing so rapidly that the novelist who writes about business or politics finds himself competing with the newspapers. The younger writers have said to themselves in effect: "I don't know how society can be redeemed, but maybe I can find out how the individual can achieve a better rather than a poorer life." Out of this search, as Klein convincingly shows, they have created fiction that is of the greatest possible contemporary relevance and may be of enduring importance.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

ON THE FRINGE

Julian, Behan, and a Jack-Plot

Well over a month ago, book reviewers across the country received their copies of the recently published new novel by Gore Vidal. They also received a tiny gray box on which, stamped in brown ink, was the legend: "With the compliments of Little, Brown and Company, publishers of *Julian*, a novel by Gore Vidal." Inside the box was a folded piece of pseudo-parchment with another brown ink message: "This authentic Roman coin dates from the 4th Century and is associated with the Emperors Constantine, Constantius and Julian. The large amount of coinage struck under Constantine and his sons constituted the bulk of coinage used during the life (331-363) and short rule (361-363) of Julian, commonly called Julian the Apostate."

Underneath that slip of paper was another slip of paper bearing one of four names: Julian, Constantine I, Constantine II or Constantius II. Beneath this second and final slip of paper couched on a wad of cotton was an authentic coin minted during the reign of the emperor named on the covering paper.

Since one does not receive bits of Roman history in the mail every day, I contacted Robert H. Fetridge, Jr., publicity manager for the Boston publishing firm, to learn how this impressive mailing came about.

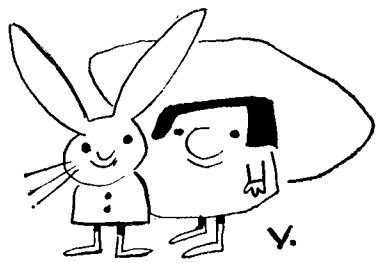
I found out that Little, Brown distributed twenty-four Julians and 250 coins minted under Constantine I and II and Constantius II. The cost averaged at about $4 per coin.

To quote from Mr. Fetridge's letter:

> . . . It all started when we attempted to locate the photograph of a particular coin described in the book itself for possible use on the jacket design of the book. We were in touch with coin and stamp editors and with the American Numismatics Society in New York but could not locate the coin.
>
> All this interested me in the use of Roman coins and I thought at first that we might make a reproduction of a Julian coin as a promotion piece. I went to a local coin dealer in Boston to see if I could buy a single Julian and discovered that he had a box of six Julians on hand. They were not cheap but they were inexpensive enough for me to investigate securing original Roman coins rather than manufacturing a reproduction. I bought the coins he had on hand, and he immediately began a search for me of other coin dealers and coin wholesalers around the country. He reported that there were no other Julians available anywhere and that I seemed to have cornered the market. We then went to several sources in New York, and finally the Kay Coin Service was able to locate a new shipment on the way to this country from the Far East. It was believed that there would be Julians in that shipment.
>
> When the shipment finally arrived there were in fact a few Julians but the bulk were coins of other emperors of the same period. At the suggestion of the Coin Service we decided that since a large amount of coinage was struck under Constantine I and his sons it must have constituted the bulk of the coinage used during the short three-year rule of Julian. Even today coins will circulate for more than fifty years, and in ancient times they usually circulated for much longer periods.
>
> We located several hundred coins in all and have had a fine reaction to their distribution. The only problem to date has been that many people refuse to believe that they are original coins, and not reproductions.

I wondered why so many book reviewers I'd run into lately looked so tired and red-eyed. Then I came across the following story, which appeared in the *New York Times* a while back, and I think I now understand those haggard faces. The poor devils are actually reading books! I quote the item from the *Times* in its entirety:

> MADRID, April 25 — Spanish book reviewers were reminded today by the Government that they had better read the books they review or face prison sentences.
>
> The warning came at the trial of Luis Maria Anson, book reviewer for A.B.C., an influential Madrid daily. The prosecution has asked the newly organized Tribunal of Public Order to sentence Mr. Anson to two years in prison for reviewing a book published in South America that is critical of the Franco regime.
>
> The book, "Night of Loyalty," by Victor Salmador, is about a pilot in the



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Nationalist air force during the Spanish Civil War. It contains several unfriendly mentions of Generalissimo Francisco Franco.

Mr. Anson told the court he was busy with so many books that he had not had the time to read the book before writing a brief, terse report for A.B.C. Testimony disclosed that the Government censor had approved his review.

If you don't hear from me at all during the coming year, it will be because of the novel I am writing. I haven't the foggiest idea of my plot but I do know the book will be finished by July 1, 1965, just in time to snag me an award of $210,000 for an original novel written in English. This wild sum of money is being given away by four organizations: (1) G. P. Putnam's Sons—$30,000 for book rights; (2) Fawcett World Library—$30,000 for paperback rights; (3) *McCall's* magazine—$50,000 for magazine serial rights; (4) Embassy Pictures Corporation—$100,000 for the screen and subsidiary rights.

The rest of you, if you want, can go ahead and pour your hearts out on paper. See if I care. I'm going at this thing scientifically, and I'm bound to win. I've carefully analyzed the product of the four benefactors above, and I'm constructing my plot to suit each of them. I'm working on a story spicy enough to interest the publisher of *Memoirs of a Lady of Pleasure* and *Candy*, yet not so spicy that it will be yanked by do-gooders from the paperback racks of the local cigarstore. Of course, the story also has to be completely clean so it can be serialized in a ladies' family-type magazine, and it must have a leading role suitable to the lusty talents of Sophia Loren.

I don't mind admitting that I am having a smidge of trouble in setting up my story line but I'm certain it's only a matter of time until I work out the kinks. Then watch out!

All congratulations for being *au courant* to a certain "very large bookstore," which is as far as Doubleday will go in naming some people who obviously don't mind their own business. The bookstore called to ask if Brendan Behan would be available to come to their store and autograph copies of his posthumously published novel, *The Scarperer*. —HASKEL FRANKEL.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 16, 6, 9, 2, 13, 19, 17, 20, 15, 1, 18, 7, 11, 12, 8, 3, 5, 10, 14, 4. Column Three should read: 7, 13, 12, 1, 20, 4, 16, 11, 14, 18, 3, 9, 15, 10, 5, 19, 6, 8, 2, 17.

The Pentagon's Many-Sided Man

—*Pix.*

Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara—"two major breakthroughs."

The McNamara Strategy, *by William W. Kaufmann (Harper & Row. 339 pp. $5.95), supports the views of the Secretary of Defense, as expressed in his public speeches and Congressional testimony. Professor of history at Dartmouth College, Louis Morton is general editor of the forthcoming Macmillan series "Wars and Military Institutions of the United States."*

By LOUIS MORTON

THE TIMING of this book on Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, one of the men most prominently and persistently mentioned as a possible running mate to Lyndon Johnson, would strongly suggest that it was written as a campaign document for the forthcoming Presidential election. Whether this is actually the case is hard to tell. There is no trace of such a purpose, either explicit or implicit, in the book. It is not a biography in the conventional sense, and it deals with McNamara's work as Secretary of Defense rather than with his career. Mr. Kaufmann is an academic professional in national security affairs, one of the new breed of intellectual strategists, formerly at Rand and now a professor at MIT, and his book is sober, factual, well-organized, and fully documented. But it certainly is not designed to raise serious questions about McNamara's policies or methods, both of which have been bitterly assailed, or to harm his cause and political future in any way. In no sense could it be termed a critical examination of the McNamara strategy. It is, rather, a clear and expert presentation of the Secretary's views as developed under President Kennedy by one who not only greatly admires the Secretary but who also shares his views—and, incidentally, may have been instrumental as a consultant on national security matters to the Defense Department in shaping them.

Professor Kaufmann has allowed McNamara to present his case pretty much in his own words. Except for the introductions to the chapters and connecting paragraphs, the book consists largely of excerpts from McNamara's public speeches and Congressional testimony, supported by the words of his aides and of his chief, John F. Kennedy. The final chapter is almost entirely quoted from

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two sources: the Secretary's address before the Economic Club in New York on November 18, 1963, and the speech President Kennedy was to give in Dallas on the day of his tragic death. Both are masterly statements of the nation's strategy and military posture and well worth rereading today.

It is Mr. Kaufmann's contention that McNamara in the short span of the Kennedy years achieved two major breakthroughs (he calls them revolutions) in the Department of Defense—a shift from the strategy of massive retaliation to one of flexible response or multiple options, and the introduction of a new method of making decisions. The first involved reshaping the nation's forces and revising its weapons systems to provide the ability to respond to threats ranging from internal subversion to thermonuclear war. The second concerned the planning-programming-budgeting system with its emphasis on systems analysis and cost-effectiveness, about which the military so bitterly complained. The development of these changes and their effect on the military and foreign policies of the United States are presented in Mr. McNamara's words in a series of chapters that admirably sum up the official position on most of the issues of the Kennedy Administration.

There is no question where Mr. Kaufmann's sympathies lie. Virtually everything done under the Eisenhower regime, he believes, had to be redone. Nothing that McNamara did was wrong, or rarely so. His views are quoted approvingly and in full, those of his critics only occasionally, and then to prove them wrong. Prominently displayed on the jacket is the statement that President Kennedy regarded McNamara as "the most satisfactory member of his Cabinet," together with Senator Russell's remark in reference to McNamara's testimony before the Armed Services Committee in 1961 that in his thirty years in the Senate he had never heard a "clearer, more definitive, and yet more comprehensive" statement than that made by the Secretary. All this is impressive enough, and no doubt Mr. McNamara has an unusual capacity for detail as well as great administrative and intellectual talents. But the portrait is overdrawn; it lacks conviction and leaves the critical reader somewhat skeptical that any public official should be so consistently right and his critics so consistently wrong. The problems of national security are enormously complex and far-reaching, and it may be many years before we know whether the decisions made today were the right ones. The world of 1961, as Kaufmann observes, was far different from that of 1963. Who can say what the year 1970 may bring?

The Defense for No Defense

The Futile Crusade: Anti-Communism as American Credo, *by Sidney Lens. (Quadrangle. 256 pp. $5), advocates that the United States take the initiative in disarming, on the theory that local pressure will force the Soviet Union to follow suit. Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By FRANK ALTSCHUL

IN *The Futile Crusade* Sidney Lens joins the ever-growing chorus of those who give voice to their criticism of American foreign policy. His underlying premise is that anti-Communism, which he defines at length in his second chapter, has over the years exercised an unfortunate and a determining influence in the formulation of policy. And because in his view this is based upon an exaggerated and unreasoning fear, it has hidden from us the true nature of the problem we have to face in a world of revolutionary change.

Even though the author in the course of his dissertation makes some telling points, his underlying premise seems open to serious question. For it is not the communism of Marx and Engels nor the form of political, social, and economic organization which they advocated that has mobilized our active opposition but, rather, an encroaching Soviet imperialism, using communist ideology as a weapon in a determined effort to impose a new tyranny to the farthest corners of the globe. And it seems safe to say that our own attitude will mellow just insofar as we become convinced that the Soviet Union, persuaded by developments within and without its own frontiers, has abandoned its dream of world dominion and curbed its crusading zeal.

But this, together with the far too charitable interpretation of past Soviet motives in which the author occasionally indulges, does not invalidate much of his basic thesis. He describes graphically the nature of the revolutionary era in which we live. He argues that, because of our preoccupation with the threat of Soviet communism, we have not taken fully into account in the formulation of policy the nature of the forces at work throughout much of non-communist Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Here the revolution of rising expectations, coincident with the retreat of colonialism, has resulted in the development in many quarters of a fervent nationalism. And while in general this nationalism is not as yet tainted by communism, at this early stage in its evolution it is not prepared to adopt democratic procedures on the American pattern. However, we often seem to play into the hands of the purveyors of communism because our fears drive us into alignment with reactionary elements in some of the newer societies seeking to throw off the outmoded shackles of the past.

THE methods of communism, as Mr. Lens suggests, "may be harsh, but Asia, Africa, and Latin America have known nothing but harshness for centuries. They are choosing between harshness-with-stagnation and harshness-with-economic-development. If the United States and the West were to join in making their revolutions or prospective revolutions more viable, that harshness would be mitigated. But unless and until the U.S. does, their choices are more limited."

There is much wisdom in this, but a

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practical difficulty as well. As long as we feel the necessity of maintaining the present level of expenditures for the military establishment, there is not enough left over to meet adequately pressing needs at home let alone abroad. But is there in fact any such continuing necessity when, to quote President Johnson, "in every area of national strength America today is stronger than it has ever been before. It is stronger than any adversary or combination of adversaries. It is stronger than the combined might of all the nations in the history of the world."

Mr. Lens, like Senator Fulbright, attributes the present level of military appropriations in no small part to the great influence exercised in Washington by what President Eisenhower has described as the "military-industrial complex." He goes further: "The United States," he says, "is strong and powerful, but its strategy is out of tune with reality. . . . In an era when military power no longer achieves major political purposes, it is wedded to a militarist policy. Even more, it is the victim of a basic shift in its own power structure—the decline of liberalism and radicalism, and the concomitant escalation of military-industrial influence — that leads it toward continuation of a futile course."

And this "futile course" has certain alarming domestic repercussions, which Mr. Lens underscores and to which we are inclined to pay far too little attention: ". . . ominous for the democratic process has been a growth of executive secrecy, the withholding of facts from the public, and outright lying. The public is manipulated, not informed, and government by consent of the governed is in danger of becoming a Fourth of July rhetoric. Democracy is impossible without a knowledgeable citizenry capable of weighing the facts."

In the concluding chapter the author ventures upon treacherous ground. He advocates that the United States take the initiative in disarming because he finds it inconceivable that "Russia could resist pressures at home for a similar course." For this radical suggestion Mr. Lens is destined to enlist little support. Yet he ends on a timely note of warning, pointing out the magnitude of the economic problem we shall face when and if we enter a period of progressive disarmament. This will require a challenging cooperative endeavor on the part of national, federal, and municipal authorities and the business community as a whole. It would not be premature to seek to define the appropriate role of each.

In a provocative volume, Mr. Lens often seems to reach sound conclusions from premises that are open to question.

Better to Give Than Give Way

Foreign Aid and Foreign Policy, *by Herbert Feis (St. Martin's. 246 pp. $5), considers the blocks and blessings inherent in assisting less advanced states. Dexter Perkins, Professor Emeritus of the University of Rochester and University Emeritus of Cornell University, wrote, among other books, "Foreign Policy and the American Spirit."*

By DEXTER PERKINS

FEW PERSONS are better qualified to write on the question of foreign aid than Herbert Feis. In the volume under review, he has examined the subject with detachment, with such detachment, indeed, that one tends to perceive the difficulties in the way of a foreign-aid program rather than its justification, or, as some would say, its quintessential necessity. Yet it is important to view the problem realistically, and this book ought to contribute to that end.

What are the difficulties hindering our foreign-aid program? To mention only a few that stand out in bold relief, they are these: Many of the so-called undeveloped nations suffer from serious innate deficiencies; they often lack significant national resources, or have such resources as extractive products, which are highly competitive in the world market; they often lack technicians; they often lack civil servants; they sometimes have serious problems in maintaining internal order. In some cases their own wealthy class exports capital instead of employing it at home. In other cases the government dilutes and destroys the value of foreign aid by inflationary policies, which diminish the value of what has been given. When all these facts are taken into account it is no wonder that politicians of the Otto Passman type declaim against the whole policy, and offer a determined, and to a substantial extent, effective opposition to the plans of the State Department and the Administration.

But the case does not run all one way, by any means. In order to see it justly, we must first get a sense of proportion. Foreign aid involves between three and four billion dollars. A substantial part of it is military aid, and few persons propose to abandon this. The total sum, moreover, is between one-half and two-thirds of 1 per cent of the gross national product. It bears the same relation to that product that $50 or $66 does to the income of a man earning $10,000 a year.

This, of course, is no argument for spending, if the spending is intrinsically unwise. But is it unwise? As a matter of fact, such aid is essential to the development of the less advanced states. It cannot do the job alone; indeed, in the nature of the case, it will be only a small fraction of the total economic effort. It is not exclusive; infusions of private capital are an important part of the economic process, the communist legend that there is something immoral about such infusions notwithstanding. But relatively small amounts may produce important effects; they may have a significant marginal importance. Furthermore, foreign aid stimulates a domestic market; in this regard, too, it may have substantial results.

Again, there is a competitive side to aid. Shall it be the West or the communists who win the favor and confidence of the emergent societies? In answering this question, we do not need to be scared to death that communism is the inevitable alternative to the Western economic order. In fact, chaos is one of the possibilities—or stagnation. It is worthwhile to prevent any of these. Finally, a great and opulent nation owes something to the spirit of international helpfulness.

Taking all these considerations together, *it is surely important to make* a modest investment in the economic growth of the undeveloped world. That such investment should be judiciously granted, that it should be effectively administered, that it should offer some prospect of permanent economic gain, or of solid political advantage, is, as Dr. Feis emphasizes, clear. But it would be folly to chuck the job.

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A Splendid Theme in Three Parts

The Plant, The Well, The Angel: A Trilogy, *by Vassilis Vassilikos, translated from the Greek by Edmund and Mary Keeley (Knopf. 273 pp. $5.95), resembles the Divine Comedy as it follows the searchings of its protagonist for the source of light. Selections from "The Plant" first appeared in Greek Heritage, a quarterly edited by Kimon Friar.*

By KIMON FRIAR

VASSILIS VASSILIKOS, aged thirty, is undoubtedly the best young prose writer in Greece today. In 1961 *The Plant, The Well, The Angel* was awarded a first prize of national standing for fiction, but he had already demonstrated his talent with his first novella, *Jason,* in 1952, when he was only nineteen. His second novel, released in 1956, was *Victims of Peace,* and he has recently published *The Mythology of America,* impressions of a tour throughout the United States during 1959-60 on a Ford Foundation grant.

In *The Plant* a young man, Lazaros, steals a potted leaf from the courtyard of a girl unknown to him, nourishes it in his room like an obsession and, when his parents leave for the summer, encourages it to spread throughout the house. It wraps around the furniture, cracks through the floor boards, invades the drains, and finally thrusts itself through the elevator shaft in an attempt to find the earth and split apart the hated apartment building, symbol of everything mechanical and tawdry. When the terrified apartment dwellers finally trace it, they break into the young man's room, chop down the plant in whose foliage Lazaros has hidden himself, naked, and uproot the innumerable tentacles. On awakening from a faint, Lazaros mercilessly uproots all the remaining vestiges of the plant, then wanders to the upper portion of town, longing to find that place where the sun eternally rises, to enter naked into the sun, to become one with the purifying light.

In *The Well,* another young man of similar temperament, Thanos (the root word of "death"), sets out with the servant girl, Malamo, to show her how to draw water from the well on their

—*P. Evangelides, Athens.*

Vassilis Vassilikos—Dante updated.

island estate. He insists that the well is something extraordinary, that it can never be approached simply or directly, that there are many obstacles to be overcome first. It becomes apparent, as the story unfolds, that the well represents the womb, the abyss, chaos, the primordial element from which life springs: woman, mystery. Malamo is puzzled to know why they do not simply go to the well, as to any other, and draw water. Thanos wishes that, like this peasant girl, he could see things as they really are, simply, pragmatically, and not through the labyrinthine webs of his fantasies and alarms. When the bucket will not find bottom, he descends into the gaping hole of the well in agony and fear. When he accidentally sets the cogs and wheels of the well's machinery groaning and re-echoing he begins to screech in terror. Malamo descends hurriedly to help him, and there, on a plank across the well, seized by passion and compassion, they make love. At the bottom of the well their flashlight reveals nothing but slimy mud inhabited by eels, frogs, and mosquitoes.

In *The Angel* a young man named Angelos ("angel") has died and finds himself on another planet in a training center, a Celestial School of Reserve Angels. The entire narration is in the form of a letter he writes to his girl on earth, but knows she will never receive. In the first part, Angelos satirically describes the training center, whose older angels act like blundering and ineffectual army sergeants. The trainees study and exercise in order to make their bodies more and more diaphanous, to learn how to fly, and to protect the frontiers of Heaven from the machinations of Satan, who is as scientifically aware of the workings of the Universe as God is conservative. The second part of the novella is a long, lyrical reminiscence of Angelos's love affair on earth, beautifully, delicately, yet realistically drawn. The third part relates the story of Asimis, a nonconformist, rule-breaker, name-caller, smoker of forbidden cigarettes; he is, of course, court-martialed and sent to remote frontiers.

What sustains Angelos throughout these rigors and stupidities is his belief that as soon as he obtains his wings (of soft down, "Made in the USA") and his body grows diaphanous, he will become one with the light, with the dazzling, procreative, lucid stream of eternity, the quintessence of all existence.

This trilogy, rapidly paced and often humorous and witty, is an imaginative and worthy creation in the tradition of Kafka and Camus. It is sufficiently fluid in its symbols for every reader to weave into it his personal interpretation. Basically, however, I suggest that Vassilikos has written his own Divine Comedy, that the protagonist Lazaros-Thanos-Angelos (Resurrection-Death-Eternity) wanders in the dark wood of existence seeking to find the source of light, of essence, spurred on by love that is at times narcissistic, or feared, or sublimated. This is the perennial portrait of the sensitive, poetic, romantic, idealistic, rebellious young man who expects more of life than it seems able to give him. The woman is always the more realistic, the more pragmatic. In this trilogy, beautifully translated by Edmund and Mary Keeley, with a fine sense of nuance, Vassilikos has given us a splendid accomplishment and a promise of greater to come.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1091

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1091 will be found in the next issue.

KP FEHPO HBPCAQP LH LO

PCNHT HPBBFB; ASH HDP ELQRP

ELOXT ABZOWR L BPLQ CZRPBT.

RXDZQQPB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1090

You have not converted a man because you have silenced him.—MORLEY.

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After the Professor, a Publisher

New Voices, '64, *edited by Hayes B. Jacobs (Macmillan. 236 pp. $5.95), consists of twenty-five stories and five poems by thirty recent students of writing at the New School for Social Research in New York. Charles Simmons's first novel, "Powdered Eggs," will be published in August.*

By CHARLES SIMMONS

THERE are two ways to judge this book: tolerantly as tardy juvenilia, or without excuse as stories and poems. Let's take the latter way because, although none of the poems is distinguished, seven of the stories are good or interesting, and one of them is something more than good.

The short, rather commonplace poems are reluctantly offered, almost in the spirit of spot drawings to break stretches of gray type. The bad stories are bad in classic fashion. They are merely anecdotes and not stories at all; they seek to stimulate pity without having created pitiable characters; they evade (from failure of nerve or insight) the implications of their situations.

The good or interesting stories are these: "Smoke a Bowl of Tea," by David Goldman, a first-person narrative of a day in the lives of a hipster and his buddies. The description of the unpleasant, near-hallucinatory states produced by the misuse of "tea" is artful and, from what I'm told, accurate.

"Marry Me, Carry Me," by Anthony Lang, is a strange but credible story of a girl compulsively in love with an apathetic bisexual male. In a fine concluding scene she brings a heterosexual admirer to a homosexual bar in order, if I read the author's intentions right, that the admirer may suffer the same unrequited love she suffers and also to present a lure to her beloved—an agonizing instance of abortive human symbiosis.

"A Priceless Strand," by Nancy Milton, is the only slick piece in the collection: hero young and charming; heroine brave, selfless, and ill with a fatal disease. Yet Miss Milton shows grace and feeling and, if she wishes, can become a commercially successful writer.

"A Good, Greek Father," by Richard Jianos, is the story of a rural Greek family man who is petitioned by his son for money to save a shaky professional career. The old man has been putting money away for a pleasure trip to Alexandria, where he secretly hopes to find a young girl to replace his "black donkey" of a wife. His vacillations—make the trip? help the son?—and his accompanying rationalizations are human and entertaining.

"Do You Know What I Mean?," by Sol Mannes, backfires and still is an engaging story. Mr. Mannes undertook to create the character of an ignorant anti-Semitic truck driver, and do it from the truck driver's point of view. But instead of a monster he made a rather likable, Ring-Lardnerish original. Mr. Mannes's genuine talent played a sly trick on him.

"Paradis 4," by Zelda Dietze, concerns the transformation of a Louisana hayseed—who has married an ugly girl for her father's business—from a self-centered boy to a responsible husband and father-to-be. Miss Dietze's use of Bayou dialogue is ingenious and effective.

"Memorial Day, 1961," by Bedros Najarian, is the second most ambitious and successful piece in the book. The son of an Armenian immigrant, yearning after the virile fatherliness he sees in his two heroes, Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner, must deal in fact with the inadequacy of a flesh-and-blood father crippled by a stroke. The boy's exchanges with his mother, after the death of the father, about the dead man's true character have *in parvo* qualities of Greek drama.

Peter Moore.

Zelda Dietze, Editor Hayes B. Jacobs, and Bedros Najarian—transformation and revelation.

"The Guitars of Third Avenue," by Nat Esformes, is a masterpiece. To explain that it concerns a New York Puerto Rican couple and is told from the viewpoint of the foetus in the mother's womb is to take the chance of associating it with talking-dog stories from *Collier's*. So let me say that it is an extraordinary accomplishment in narrative virtuosity and in its symbolic evocation of the ambivalence every man feels about undergoing the human situation.

3R's in Cape Town: The writing in *Manor House* (Delacorte, $4.50) is of incredibly uneven quality. In the opening chapter Johannes Meintjes succeeds in the infinitely difficult task of reconstructing that special, intense bond that can exist between children. He does more than that; he takes us into the mind of the eleven-year-old crippled boy who is telling the story and succeeds in capturing accurately the wonderment and fascination of his hero-worship of Abrie Vorster, the wild-eyed twelve-year-old from the neighboring farm who has befriended him. Then suddenly—after perhaps a dozen pages—the magic is lost. And the writing deteriorates steadily to the banal level of romantic melodrama. We learn of the relationship over the next twenty years between Abrie; the lame boy, Albert, and his twin sister, Berta Van Rensburg. And of the manner in which he allows himself to be dominated and finally destroyed by Zevenfontein, the great white manor house that has been in the Vorster family for 200 years.

Abrie's father dies; the family moves to Johannesburg; he becomes a famous artist but quits at the height of his fame to return to the Cape and restore Zevenfontein to its former greatness. In between we are subjected to a welter of unnecessary and uninteresting detail concerning Albert's schooldays in Cape Town. By the time the predictable and regularly-hinted-at tragedy had finally overtaken Abrie, I couldn't have cared less what happened to him or any other of these cardboard characters.

Mr. Meintjes has published ten books in South Africa, most of them in the Afrikaans language. They cover fiction, poetry, criticism of Afrikaans writing, and a biography of a famous South African sculptor. He is also a noted artist, and his paintings have represented his country at international exhibitions. In the face of this diversity of interest, it is perhaps too much to expect him to join the select band of first-rate South African authors who write in the English language.

—EDWARD HICKMAN BROWN.

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Coldstream Old-Guard at Ease: The rolling pasture land of Coldstream, Mass., the upper-crust suburb of Boston that forms the setting of Douglas Fairbairn's first full-length novel, *A Gazelle on the Lawn* (Random House, $4.95), is surrounded by giant housing developments. Yet Coldstream's residents, all of whom are products of New England prep schools and Ivy League colleges, insist on perpetuating the myth that their community is a wilderness frontier.

At the outset of Mr. Fairbairn's first-rate satire, which rings in that old American theme—how to succeed in business and society at the expense of others—Roger Colt, the financially unsuccessful member of the community's founding and ruling family, refuses—despite his ever-increasing need for money—to sell the valuable land he has inherited in Coldstream to a real estate developer from nearby Brixton. Roger's antithesis is his neighbor and best friend, Tommy Baring. An ambitious outsider—he attended prep school and Harvard on a scholarship—Tommy deliberately broke his engagement to the girl he loved in order to marry the wealthy sister of a Harvard contemporary, eccentric millionaire Fred Hogarth. Though his union with Fred's sister, Laura, has netted Tommy the financial security he has always wanted, he still cannot make the grade in Coldstream, where, Roger's loyal entreaties on his behalf notwithstanding, the Board of Governors of the Hunt Club continue to blackball him for membership.

Roger's and Tommy's positions in Coldstream become reversed through a series of events revolving around Gretel Pfalz, the shy and beautiful Austrian girl who has been hired for a year as the governess to the Baring children. Gretel, whose one ambition is to use her wages to attend the University of Zurich when her servitude in Coldstream is over, becomes the unwilling object of Tommy's lust and the unwitting victim of the hypocritical practices that lead eventually to his social and business success. By contrast, a last-ditch attempt on Roger's part to defend the innocent governess leads to his realization that his life in Coldstream has been false.

Though the events of *A Gazelle on the Lawn* incline at times to the melodramatic—particularly when Harry Sinclair, the darkly delinquent son of Coldstream's police chief, goes prowling about—they have the amusingly ironic quality that inevitably develops when fantasy displaces reality. Moreover, Mr. Fairbairn gives the reader an opportunity to transcend mere outrage over villainy rewarded and to acknowledge instead the human condition, which if not pretty is perhaps pitiable.

—IOLA HAVERSTICK.

Time Out for a Troubled Neighbor

Pearson of Canada, *by John Robinson Beal (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 210 pp. $3.95),* ***The Four Faces of Peace: And the International Outlook,*** *by Lester B. Pearson, edited by Sherleigh G. Pierson (Dodd, Mead. 267 pp. $4.95), and* ***Renegade in Power: The Diefenbaker Years,*** *by Peter C. Newman (Bobbs-Merrill. 400 pp. $7.50), throw light on the split personality of our continental companion to the north. L.L.L. Golden has been an editorial writer for the Globe and Mail in Toronto and correspondent for Saturday Night.*

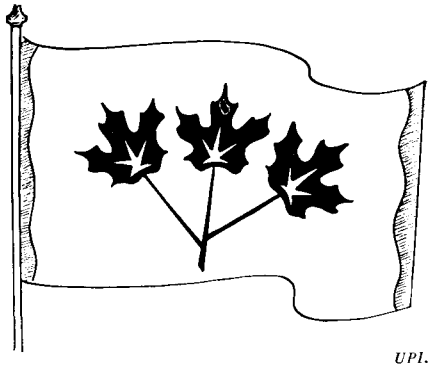
By L. L. L. GOLDEN

FOR SEVERAL years official committees have been actively organizing to celebrate the centennial of Canada's birth on July 1, 1967. Yet there are serious Canadians who wonder aloud whether their country will remain one nation or be split apart before the hundredth anniversary festivities take place.

The chances of this happening are slight indeed, for nations do not split easily, despite regional and racial antagonisms. But there have been demands by important political figures in Quebec that the French-speaking province secede from the rest of Canada and go its own way as a separate nation. In turn, this separatist cry has provoked not only concern elsewhere in Canada but a new antagonism to Quebec, and there is no sign that the deep controversy will fade away easily or soon.

It is not new in Canada's history to have loud demands from Quebec for a separate state. But the difference today is that those in Quebec who are being heard are not on the fringe. Leaders of major political parties in Quebec are not pooh-poohing the divisive talk. Instead they are in the vanguard of it. There has not been a period in Canada's history when Quebec's dissatisfied voices have been so loud, strong, and important.

The basic fact of political life in Canada, the real Canadian politic, has always been the struggle between French-speaking Quebec and the English-speaking provinces. It stems of course from the English-French struggle over what, after the victory of Wolfe over Montcalm, became British North America. It was not altogether an oversimplification when Lord Durham wrote in his report on troubled Canada in 1839 that he found "two nations warring within the bosom of a single state." That struggle continues in another form, complicated by many new factors.



UPI.

For a struggle a new ensign suggested.

Today's controversy over a new flag for Canada is directly related to the French-English struggle. There are many Canadians of non-French descent who have long felt that Canada ought to have a distinctive flag of its own, even one without any mark that shows its historic ties to Britain. But they have in many cases hesitated to advocate the adoption of such a flag because it is precisely what Quebec has wanted for a long time.

Added to the other problems of a major nature that Canada is now grappling with is the difficulty of maintaining its identity as a nation, overwhelmingly influenced as it is by the United States. From publishing to films, from sports to scholarship, from television to literature, from women's styles to interior decorating, from foreign policy to travel, the influence of the big neighbor is enveloping.

A short time ago the Montreal *Gazette* in an editorial entitled "Why They Study in the United States" had this to say:

> The universities of the United States play an important role in providing educational opportunities for Canadian students. And the scope of this role increases dramatically as the level of education advances.
>
> In 1962-63, there were approximately 133,000 students enrolled in Canadian universities at the under-

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graduate level. At the same level, and in the same year, there were between 4,000 and 5,000 Canadians studying at American universities.

In relation to this total, this might seem a fairly small number. But at the highly important postgraduate level, a very different pattern emerges. Some 8,400 students take their post-graduate training in Canada. But no fewer than 2,500 Canadian students prefer to go to the United States for post-graduate studies.

The conclusion of the Montreal *Gazette* is worth pondering if the influence of the United States is to be assessed. It writes: "Canadian universities have been doing their best to provide a higher standard of post-graduate studies. But a very large number of Canadian students is not convinced that they have succeeded in doing so."

The American economic influence in Canada is huge. At present there are more than $18 billion worth of U.S. investment in Canada, more than in all of Latin America put together. Even though there isn't the slightest doubt that this American investment has done a great deal to raise the Canadian standard of living to its present level, Canadian nationalists complain bitterly that too heavy a proportion of Canada's industry is in American hands.

Almost wherever one turns in Canadian controversy today, the USA is involved. Truly the United States is in the eye of the Canadian domestic hurricane, yet it is sad that so little attention is paid to the northern neighbor with which it is so deeply involved.

Three new books—a biography of Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson, a collection of his most important speeches, and a study of former Prime Minister John G. Diefenbaker, now leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons—are all helpful to the American interested in Canada. Men rarely control the destiny of nations, but they often plot important solutions to problems that do affect a nation's future.

Pearson of Canada, by John Robinson Beal, is an uncritical short book about a man who is probably the most admired Canadian outside Canada's borders. In the world's foreign offices, in the United Nations, there is no other Canadian, and few others for that matter, who are so well known personally by so many involved in diplomacy. A former Canadian ambassador at Washington, the leading career diplomatist from Canada in London during the hard years of the Second World War, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1957, President of the General Assembly of the United Nations, Mr. Pearson is a kindly, thoughtful, decent person without the killer instinct that usually is an essential for the man who reaches highest political office.

Mr. Beal has been on the staff of *Time* for twenty years, ten of which he spent in Washington, D.C., as diplomatic correspondent for that magazine. At present chief of his publication's bureau in Ottawa, he is a better reporter and writer than his book on Mr. Pearson shows. Whether he felt inhibited because of his present job, or because he didn't wish to offend a man he admires, Mr. Beal has written what could well be called a campaign biography, although that was not his intention.

There is little in this book that illuminates the Prime Minister's character or his political motivation. To those who know Canada and Mr. Pearson it is rather a pedestrian profile that provides a good deal of biographical material of a basic nature.

The Four Faces of Peace, edited by Sherleigh G. Pierson, provides some of Pearson's most discussed and in many ways most important speeches. Collections of this sort always have their shortcomings but Mrs. Pierson has included the Prime Minister's views on Canada's relations with the United States; his Nobel Peace Prize address, which received so much attention at the time that he delivered it; his views on the role of the United Nations, and other policy statements which have been important in his career but which, like so many speeches of so many men, reveal too little of the speaker himself.

Dean Acheson, who has written a foreword to this collection, tells us more about Mr. Pearson. "The Prime Minister," he observes, "is a dyed-in-the-wool Canadian and sometimes a prickly one. The attitude and prickles, which should be easy to understand, baffle many Americans."

By far, the best of the three books, and the most revealing of its subject, is Peter C. Newman's *Renegade in Power: The Diefenbaker Years*. This book has been a best-seller in Canada and deservedly so. Canadian political writers too often have treated Canadian political figures with excessive deference; only many years after their death have they written what they have noted during the politician's lifetime. Mr. Newman's study of the man who ended the Liberal Party's twenty-two-year rule in Canada is vigorous, unafraid, and in the tradition of the best political writing on this continent. As national affairs editor of *Maclean's*, the leading Canadian national magazine, Mr. Newman for long kept a seeing eye on Mr. Diefenbaker, who was Prime Minister from June 21, 1957, to April 22, 1963.

To understand Canada, it is important to understand Mr. Diefenbaker, for he leads, from his seat in the House of Commons, the only party which, in an election, might have a chance of overturning Mr. Pearson. Few men have had the chance Mr. Diefenbaker had of building a strong administration. Few men have had so much public good will on the assumption of his office. And few have failed so miserably. Mr. Newman reveals in his fascinating book a man who could not handle power, did not know its uses, a man whose procrastination and lack of leadership turned most of his own Cabinet against him. The great Opposition leader was the complete failure as a Prime Minister.

In many ways more can be learned of Canada's attitudes toward the United States from the Diefenbaker book than from the other two. Mr. Newman's work is one of the few genuine contributions to Canadian political writing in many long years.

—*UPI.*

Prime Minister Pearson (right) with ex-Prime Minister Diefenbaker—prickles and procrastination.

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Poets Ascend the Technical Trend

By JAMES SCHEVILL

MODERN poetry has focused increasingly on autobiographical experiences. Traditionally, of course, poets have always used such material in their work, but never with the kind of direct, subjective revelation that derives from our psychological age. The dramatic advantage of such an approach is evident: it can illuminate personal experience with a powerful intimacy that was never possible before in poetry. However, the dangers of this approach are also becoming apparent. The intense subjectivity of autobiographical poetry requires unusual balance if the dramatic perspective is not to be distorted into a chaos of egotistical reflections. The problem of balance reminds me of two epigrams that were written on a café wall: the first said, "God is dead—Nietzsche." Under this someone scribbled, "Nietzsche is dead —God."

In his new book, *The True Confession of George Barker* (New American Library, $3.95), Barker falls into the trap of self-indulgence rather than self-revelation. Under the guise of a "Confession," he tries to present "This autobiography that ends a/Half of my life I'm glad I'm through." His themes are chiefly sexuality and lack of faith, his encounters with women and with "Almighty God, by whose ill will/I was created with conscience;/By whose merciful malevolence/I shall be sustained until/My afflictions fulfil/His victories. . . ." The poem is written in a sequence of eight-line tetrameter stanzas in a consistently ironic tone. The difficulty is that Barker presents no characters to balance his own bitter confessions. Consequently, there is no feeling of involvement with anyone or anything substantial, only the continuous sarcasm of the confessional tone, which soon becomes dull even to Barker—"this rather dreary/Joke of an autobiography." Despite many good lines, Barker, who is one of the most gifted poets in modern literature and justly renowned for his lyrical achievements, is unable to find the dramatic perspective that would give significance to his personal experience.

James Schevill's new book, a long dramatic poem, *The Stalingrad Elegies,* has just been published by Alan Swallow.

The way in which young poets are using autobiography meaningfully to extend the range of their subject matter is shown in two fine sequences in Peter Davison's first book, *The Breaking of the Day* (Yale University Press, hardbound, $3, paperback, $1.25, this year's winner in the Yale Series of Younger Poets). The first sequence, "Not Forgotten," contains five poems about his mother's death from cancer. Since the sequence focuses on a real protagonist, the mother, the poet has the advantage of a dramatic relationship, which he expresses with rare compassion and powerful imagery as at the end of the second section, "Dream":

> So with nothing at all to say, I did what I did:
> Danced a very respectful dance on the coffin.
> The guest of honor drummed her cold toes
> On the underside of the lid.

The second sequence, "The Breaking of the Day," derives from Genesis, the story of Jacob wrestling with the Angel. The subject is the poet's search for identity and faith after his conflict with his Christian father and his Jewish mother. Again, the characters are presented with compassion and understanding and no self-pity. In these poems Davison uses a direct, colloquial style that he makes uniquely his own. In other poems his subjects and techniques are often more conventional, sometimes revealing the rather strange, combined influence of Robert Frost and Robert Lowell. Nevertheless, in such poems as "To a Mad Friend" and "After a Nightmare" he shows that ability to move deeply into an experience and transform it with brilliant technical control that is the mark of the real poet. This is a strong first book, and Peter Davison takes his place with the important young poets in the country.

Lynne Lawner's first book, *Wedding Night of a Nun* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75), also uses autobiographical techniques that are best when most personal. Her poems are an uneven mixture of direct statement and contrived artificiality. When she begins a poem called "A Child's Garden"—"Mostly it was the furry leaves'/Ligustral pallor," I don't believe her. But when she starts out "In Your Arrogance" with "You think that when a woman yields/You own at least what you, harrowing, hurt. . . ." then I am caught up in her poem. In this book her subjects are largely the traditional themes of love, which she treats often with a fresh sense of rhythm and imagery. Her danger at the moment is too facile a flow of rhetoric. Her strength, as in the poem "I Want a Man Whose Use Can Excel," is in the weight and sharpness of her language when she clings to her subject and doesn't strain to shape original images and rhythms. Her next book should be one to watch for.

CONTRARY to the opinion of many, I think we are living in a period of important poetic creativity in this country. Perhaps it will take another ten or twenty years for its real development. Most of our great older poets—Stevens, Frost, Cummings and Williams—have died. Young poets have found it difficult to get a creative perspective on their experiences in a world of incredible scientific change. The 1950s were a time of transition. Now, in the 1960s, poets are beginning to work towards an expansion of subject matter and a synthesis of style between the traditional forms and the open forms fostered by William Carlos Williams and others. The talented young poet A. R. Ammons, in his first book, *Expressions of Sea Level* (Ohio State University Press, $4), reveals some interesting aspects of this search. Ammons uses a variety of cadenced, open forms to concentrate the kind of knowledge out of which he makes his images. He extends the subject of the poem by using a range of interesting facts, often scientific in character. At first some of his poems seem too prosaic, but reading them carefully one perceives that his facts build to a startling perception. Take a poem called "Terrain," which begins:

> The soul is a region without definite boundaries:
> it is not certain a prairie
> can exhaust it
> or a range enclose it:

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it floats (self-adjusting) like the continental mass, where it towers most
extending its deepest mantling base (exactly proportional):
does not flow all one way: there is a divide: river systems thrown like
winter tree-shadows against the hills: branches, runs, high lakes:
stagnant lily-marshes. . . .

As the poem continues, the precise, prosaic tone compares the soul methodically to a complex variety of images describing the "terrain." By the end the word "terrain" has assumed extraordinary, mythical connotations, and yet Ammons has used a very literal kind of language—scientific, factual, concrete. His rhythms do not sing; they separate and define. His tone is essentially philosophic, not dramatic, yet there is a distinctly individual quality to his diction. In addition to this kind of poem, Ammons can write a more personal poem using biographical techniques, as in the fine "Nelly Myers" about a woman who lived with the poet's family on their farm when he was a child. Mr. Ammons has written a fascinating book.

Two long-awaited volumes of translations have just been published. Alas, Lydia Pasternak Slater's translations of *Fifty Poems* by her brother, Boris Pasternak (Barnes & Noble, hardbound $2; paperback, 95¢), are unconvincing in English. One gets little feeling that this was a great poet. The trouble is with the tone, which seems often stilted and unidiomatic, as in the opening line of "Hamlet" from *Dr. Zhivago*: "The murmurs ebb; onto the stage I enter." Those interested in problems of translating tone should compare this more literal, if stilted version of "Hamlet" with Robert Lowell's more exciting, free adaptation in his book *Imitations*.

In his fine translations from Apollinaire's great book, *Alcools: Poems 1898-1913* (Doubleday, $4.95), the well-known poet William Meredith states that he has tried also "to give the poems a natural and individual voice comparable to the remarkable one they have in French." Often Meredith succeeds in catching a comparable tone as at the end of "Marizibill," a poem about a prostitute in Cologne:

I know all kinds of people. Mostly their lives
Are too much for them, they are blown like dead leaves.
Their eyes are carelessly extinguished fires
And their hearts—their hearts do business like their doors.

This is a delightful, lyrical, and deeply moving book. The reader is aided by the French texts and notes on the poems by the Apollinaire biographer Francis Steegmuller.

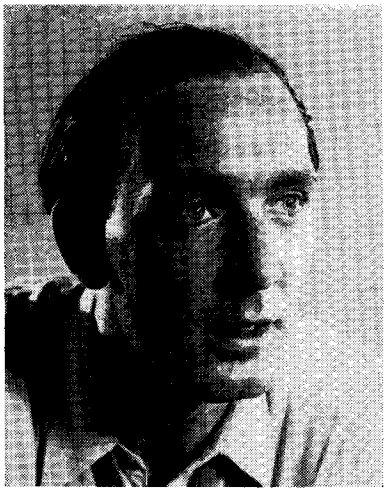
The new book, *Poisoned Lands*, by the talented young Irish poet John Montague (Dufour Editions, $3.50) covers ten years of his work and should strengthen his reputation in this country, where he has already published in various magazines. Montague's subjects are mainly Irish, but castigate Irish provincialism and reflect the wide learning, international experience, and cosmopolitan tone of the new Irish writers. At his best, he strikes deeply into the relationship between the old and the new Ireland, as in the last stanza of the fine poem "Like Dolmens Round My Childhood, The Old People":

Ancient Ireland, indeed! I was reared by her bedside,
The rune and the chant, evil eye and averted head,
Formorian fierceness of family and local feud.
Gaunt figures of fear and of friendliness,
For years they trespassed on my dreams,
Until once, in a standing circle of stones,
I felt their shadows pass

Into the dark permanence of ancient forms.

Also, in such a powerful poem as "Auschwitz, Mon Amour" he is able somehow to focus on the central tragedy of our times, the murder of Jews in the concentration camps, by relating it to his own childhood experiences. He is a poet who is not afraid of important subject matter and who speaks directly in his own voice.

William Pillin is an American poet who has been too long neglected, perhaps because his themes often reflect the nostalgia of his Eastern European, Jewish heritage and his struggle to adapt this heritage to his early life in Chicago and in Southern California,



George Barker—"self-indulgence."

Lynne Lawner—"original images."

—*Wide World.*

Robert Frost with Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko—After our great older poets have died, a decade or two for real development.

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where he now lives. His poetry is extremely personal, romantic in tone, and does not fit easily into the current colloquial American scene. His new book, *Pavanne for a Fading Memory* (Alan Swallow, $3), illustrates in the title the special qualities of his work. It is a poetry often with the wistful, fantastic images and color of Chagall, the longing for lost places: ". . . for if I return/ the streets would not know me/nor the doorways answer my greetings." Or in "Canzone for My Grandmother": ". . . with you perished incantations/against beasts of the night/scorpions, vampires, /and white staring eyes of demons. . . ." This book contains many fine poems, such as "The Terrified Meadows," about the murder of his uncle and aunt, and a remarkable poem about "The white witch, Inanna." Pillin can also write a witty, bravura poem such as "Resurrection," about his recovery from an illness. This book should earn him many readers.

I HAVE mixed feelings about Ned O'Gorman's third book, *The Buzzard and the Peacock* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95). There is no doubt of his great verbal talent, his ability to spin out dazzling lines with a unique sound. On the jacket, Sir Herbert Read, a writer whom I respect greatly, says: "O'Gorman is not obviously influenced by Hopkins, but he is a writer of the same kind and distinction." This is a large claim. Often it seems to me that O'Gorman is trying to strike through the brilliant facility of his rhetoric to some deeper expression, and failing. The subject of these poems is a restless, mystical search through the world. Many poems concern foreign wanderings and experiences. However, there is little physical sense of people in these poems. To me the great mystical poet is one like Blake or Hopkins who has a profoundly concrete sense of people and places. O'Gorman's poems seem to work too much for their effects. I like him best in a poem like "The Architect Speaks to the World," where the pressure of his imagery is controlled by the character's viewpoint.

Charles Edward Eaton's fourth book, *Countermoves* (Abelard-Schuman, $2), has several fine poems. He is adept with traditional techniques and has a particular talent for lyrical description. The subjects of many of his poems—"Sea and Summer," "Morning in Connecticut," "A Peony for Apollo," "A Knowledge of Birds"—indicate the combination of concise, natural description and passionate, intellectual colloquy that is the center of his poems. Sometimes his work seems a little too careful, too confined, particularly to the use of rhymes which dictate occasional lines more often than they should. However, he is a poet who can give one a fresh, genuine sense of nature. One does not feel in his work the merely self-centered observations that paralyze much modern poetry. At the end of the moving poem "Della Robbia in August" he writes:

> Though all my instances are lonely, rare,
> I tolerate suspense and do not only grieve,
> Rising in a brilliant form of care.

This "brilliant form of care" characterizes all of his best poems.

A very moving and unusual book to read is *Sounds from the Unknown,* edited by Lucille M. Nixon and Tomoe Tana (Alan Swallow, $1.75). This is a collection of tanka written by Japanese-Americans living all over the United States. As Mrs. Nixon says in the preface: "The writers represented here are housewives, gardeners, maids, farmers, doctors, teachers, and businessmen." As a result, the collection reflects the great value of a poetic tradition and shows how this tradition has survived in isolated groups of Japanese-Americans still dedicated to this traditional verse form. Here is a tanka by Natsu Ozawa from Berkeley, California:

> Now that my husband
> Has reached old age
> His self-centeredness must be endured,
> For his deep concern for many years
> Lay solely in caring for his family.

Another pleasure of this book is that each poem is printed three times on the page: in the Japanese script, in Romaji, and in the English translation.

Reviewing a book of poems, *The Worst Unsaid,* by a former editor of *Time,* T. S. Mathews (Anthony Blond, England, $2), one reaches automatically for the descriptive adjectives, "astringent, bitter, bold, brazen" etc. Actually, there is a great deal of power and wit in many of these short poems, written from 1920 to 1960. In several the effect is light and satirical and amusing, mocking various American institutions and beliefs. These include a savage attack on journalism called "rewrite job." In the best poems there is a deeper epigrammatic cutting edge, as in "Love Revisited":

> Over the dreadful desert, three feet wide,
> That separates us, sitting side by side,
> How can a word fly true, or fly so far?
> Skin has forgotten skin, by chance or choice;
> Your belt is steel, and I've a castrate's voice.

Only a time of extreme specialization could have produced the extreme claims of A. L. Rowse to have solved the problems of Shakespeare's sonnets. An axiom for sanity: overspecialization creates only the incredible claims of specialists. Following the furor of his Shakespeare biography, Rowse has now published an edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets (Harper & Row, $5). This time he tries to throw more mud in the eyes of the literary critics who have been decrying paraphrase for years by himself paraphrasing each of the sonnets. Doing so, of course, he falls into the poet's favorite trap. It certainly doesn't help much to paraphrase "Let me not to the marriage of true minds/Admit impediments: . . ." as "Let me not admit impediments to the marriage of true minds." Still one must admit that there are times when Rowse's knowledge of the Elizabethan language and age furnish handy information. And he has the spirit not to duck the implications of the sexual sonnets. If only he were not so aroused over his discoveries, which are neither so original nor so definitive as he makes them out to be, his merits would be more evident.

The Poet and the Politican and Other Essays, by Salvatore Quasimodo, translated from the Italian by Thomas Bergin and Sergio Pacifici (Southern Illinois University Press, $4.50), gives us for the first time in English a wide variety of views on literature and theater by the great Italian poet who won the Nobel

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Prize for literature in 1959. Unfortunately, some of the pieces in this book are not "essays," as they are called, but evidently short newspaper or magazine reviews. As such they are valuable more for a brief reflection of Quasimodo's views rather than for any deep consideration of the work itself. The most important part of the book is the opening section, "Discourses on Poetry," where Quasimodo reflects on the poet's function, pointing out that "The birth of a poet is always an act of 'disorder.' It presupposes a new attitude toward the acceptance of life. . . ." He goes on to show brilliantly the relationship between the poet and the politician: "While the poet is aware of the power of the politician, the latter takes cognizance of the former only when the poet's voice penetrates deeply into the various strata of society; that is to say, when content as well as form are revealed in the lyric or the epic. From this moment the underground struggle between politician and poet begins. In history the names of exiled poets emerge as human dice while the politician, verbally defending culture, in fact tries to diminish its power. . . ." These "Discourses on Poetry" should be read by everyone interested in poetry who wants to know more about its function in society.

Robert Frost in Russia, by F. D. Reeve (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.95), is a curious and fascinating little book by a professor of Russian at Wesleyan University who was Frost's translator in the Soviet Union in the late summer of 1962. This was Frost's last trip, and it is, therefore, a moving record of a unique journey. However, one gets the feeling that the book is written too soon and skims the surface too much. The backgrounds of various Russian writers whom Frost met, such as the great woman poet Anna Akhmatova, merit far more elaboration than Reeve gives them. In any case, the book is most interesting for its portrayal of Frost's meeting with Khrushchev:

> Khrushchev . . . acknowledged his responsibility for maintaining cultural tradition. Frost . . . acknowledged his responsibility for shaping the forces of power in the world. The two men talked freely, irreverently, with deep respect and high intensity. They discussed the East-West alignment of power; they told anecdotes, they analyzed the meaning of economic competition; they complimented each other on their vitality; they decried the horrors of war and insisted on the necessity of using force to maintain control to preserve pride, to assert tradition. . . .

All those concerned with American-Soviet relations should read this account of a strange meeting.

SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

TWO SETS TO MURDER. By Ludovic Peters. Coward-McCann. $3.95.

Current Affairs

CUSTOM AND CONFLICT IN AFRICA. By Max Gluckman. Barnes & Noble. $3.

HOW TO WIN AN ELECTION: The Art of Political Victory. By Stephen S. Shadegg. Taplinger. $5.

THE LATINS IN THE LEVANT. By William Miller. Barnes & Noble. $12.50.

A NEW EUROPE? Edited by Stephen R. Graubard. Houghton Mifflin. $8.50.

Economics

INDUSTRIALIZATION AND DEMOCRACY: Economic Necessities and Political Possibilities. By Karl de Schweinitz, Jr. Free Press. $6.95.

Fiction

ALL THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. By Richard Dowling. Dial. $4.95.

BOSWELL: A Modern Comedy. By Stanley Elkin. Random House. $5.95.

THE MAP ON THE CEILING. By John Pierce. Macmillan. $4.95.

History

A HISTORY OF SOVIET RUSSIA: Socialism in One Country, 1924-1926, Vol. III, Parts 1 and 2. By Edward Hallett Carr. Macmillan. $17.50.

THE PATHFINDERS: The History of America's First Westerners. By Gerald Rawling. Macmillan. $6.95.

RACE RIOT AT EAST ST. LOUIS, July 2, 1917. By Elliott M. Rudwick. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $6.

THE SEVEN DAYS: The Emergence of Lee. By Clifford Dowdey. Little, Brown. $6.95.

Law

THE LIFE OF THE LAW: Readings on the Growth of Legal Institutions. Edited by John Honnold. Free Press. $10.

Miscellany

THE CHATEAUX OF FRANCE. By François Gebëlin. Putnam. $4.95.

FRENCH FURNITURE. By Jacqueline Viaux. Putnam. $4.95.

LANGUAGE AND STYLE. By Stephen Ullmann. Barnes & Noble. $6.50.

SILENTLY, BY NIGHT. By Russell Peterson. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

STYLE IN THE FRENCH NOVEL. By Stephen Ullmann. Barnes & Noble. $6.50.

Personal History

CHASTISE ME WITH SCORPIONS. By Laura Rhodes and Lucy Freeman. Putnam. $4.95.

THE DESERT KING: Ibn Saud and His Arabia. By David Howarth. McGraw-Hill. $6.50.

LARRY GORMAN: The Man Who Made the Songs. By Edward Ives. Indiana Univ. Press. $5.

THE MAN WHO HAD EVERYTHING. By Donald M. Murray. New American Library. $4.95.

THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER. By Eleanor Clark. Pantheon. $4.95.

PRIEST AND WORKER: The Autobiography of Henri Perrin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

THAT WAS YVETTE: The Biography of Yvette Guilbert. By Bettina Knapp and Myra Chipman. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

A VANISHED WORLD. By Anne Gertrude Sneller. Syracuse Univ. Press. $6.

Reference

MCGRAW-HILL INTERNATIONAL ATLAS. McGraw-Hill. $59.95.

Religion, Philosophy

DANIEL. By Martin Buber. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.

THE FIRST SIX HUNDRED YEARS. By Jean Danielou and Henri Irenne Marrou. (Vol. I of *The Christian Centuries: A New History of the Catholic Church,* edited by L. J. Rogier and others.) McGraw-Hill. $10.

VARIETIES OF UNBELIEF. By Martin E. Marty. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.

Theater

CINEMA EYE, CINEMA EAR: Key Film-Makers of the Sixties. By John Russell Taylor. Hill & Wang. $5.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

Epitaph for Somebody's Typewriter

(for my children)

By Walter Lowenfels

IF the sonnets of my slippers
amaze you
don't blame the carpet
where they sleep.
If I leave this question
unfinished on a sheet of paper
forgive the typewriter on my desk.
This isn't what I wanted to ask
but my slippers follow my footsteps
and my typewriter can't follow me.

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A logical extension of today's telephone service...

Bell System introduces PICTUREPHONE service

Both ends of telephone conversations are pictured; people phone by appointment from family-type booths in attended centers.

▪

New York (Grand Central Station), Chicago (Prudential Building), Washington (National Geographic Society Building) have service.

Bell System PICTUREPHONE service now lets callers *see* as well as talk on the telephone. And "hands-free" if they wish.

For the first time, people can make a visual telephone call to another city—the latest example of the research, invention and development that are constantly improving the communications we provide.

The new service is being offered in the cities listed at the left. Bell System attendants at each local center help callers enjoy prearranged face-to-face visits with friends or relatives in either of the other cities.

Further development of PICTUREPHONE service is still in the future. But the service is another step toward our goal of providing you with better, warmer, more nearly complete communication by telephone.

Bell System *Serving you*

American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies

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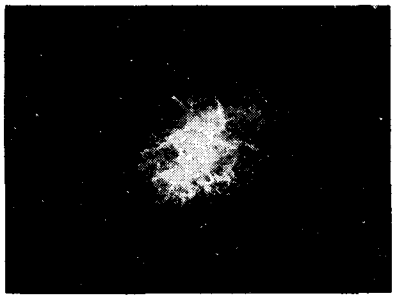
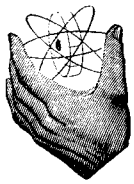


—Palomar Observatory.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Journals • Science in Books • Personality Portrait XCVI • Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: The "New Star" of 1572 Is Still Exploding

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE GRANDEST FIREWORK

ANCIENT Chinese tradition held that man and the earth he lived on were symbiotic subjects of "the cosmic breath" in a kingdom hedged and roofed with stars. Dynastic agents watched the sky day and night for signs of "the breath's" direction, and note was made of the comings and goings of heavenly "guests."

The oldest surviving report of one of these visitations dates back more than 3,000 years. On a bone fragment inscribed somewhere between 1339 and 1281 B.C., it is recorded that "on the seventh day of the moon, a *chi-ssu* day, a great new star appeared in company with Antares."

Various lists of "guest stars" have been compiled and published in China since the thirteenth century A.D. One has been recopied at least three times in the West. The newest and longest was drawn up in the 1950s for the Academia Sinica at Peking by Hsi Tse-tsung, Chinese Communist candidate for a doctor's degree, at the request of the famous Soviet Russian astrophysicist, Dr. Iosif S. Shklovsky. Hsi's catalog, dated 1958, is now available in English translation. It contains the dates when and the apparent locations in the sky where ninety different "guest stars" arrived and departed.

On the seventh day of December, A.D. 185, one came looking "like a large bamboo mat" [*i.e.*, fuzzy]; it "displayed the five colors, both pleasing [red] and otherwise [white]." By mid-summer of A.D. 186, it was gone.

Another new star arrived in March A.D. 369. And yet another came on May 3, A.D. 1006, bright "like the moon in its quarter phase . . . , shining like a golden circle." This 1006 guest stayed for ten years. But by all contemporary accounts, the most spectacular visitor on Hsi's list showed up suddenly in a great rush of light early on the morning of the fourth day of July, A.D. 1054, in the constellation of Taurus, the bull.

"The Chief of the Astronomical Bureau" himself reported the apparition, Chinese annals say. "Pointed rays shot out from it on all sides," he is quoted as announcing. "It was visible by day like Venus. . . . Altogether it was visible for twenty-three days" [in full daylight, that was] and could be seen in the night sky until April 17, 1056.

Although the Japanese also saw and took note of the 1054 star, comparing it to Jupiter and remarking on the unusual length of its rays, no Western astronomer seems to have realized it was there. At least no record of Western observation has been discovered in three decades of assiduous searching by Dr. N. U. Mayall, present director of Kitt Peak National Observatory in Tucson, Arizona. Indeed, no "new star" was reported by any astronomer in the West until 1572—which may have been why the celestial "guest" of that year left such a deep impression (see page 39) on science ever after.

SINCE there were no telescopes in the Middle Ages, the Chinese and Japanese observers of the heavens could only consider what their unaided eyes told them. The "guest" stars apparently came from nowhere and returned to nowhere. Centuries passed before it was understood that "guests" were not involved in the performance—that what really had been witnessed was a sudden show of enthusiasm by some old and theretofore obscure residents of the starry realm.

The truth came out, as it often does, in a devious way. As Dr. Mayall recalled the sequence of events in *Science* two years ago, the first step was taken by Dr. John Bevis, an English physician with no awareness of the significance of his action. Dr. Bevis was an astronomer by avocation, and so thoroughly dedicated to the science that he died of injuries inflicted by a fall down the stairway of his own private observatory. Before he made that final climb to the telescope on his rooftop, he compiled elaborate star charts on which he located, among the stars, sixteen fuzzy patches of brightness that could be given no more appropriate designation than nebulae.

THE engravings for Dr. Bevis's projected *Uranographia Britannica* were so extremely expensive that the printer went bankrupt, and the creditors seized the plates. Fortunately, however, the printer ran off some proofs and gave them to Dr. Bevis before disaster struck. Still more fortunately, Dr. Bevis showed these pages to others before the new owners of his engravings published a pirate edition of his atlas without acknowledging his authorship. Thus it was possible for King Louis XV's astronomer, Charles Messier, to credit Dr. Bevis with original discovery of a nebula which Messier rediscovered while looking for the first predicted return of Halley's Comet.

Instead of Halley's Comet, Messier had found another comet and had trailed it across the sky. On August 28, 1758, this heavenly wanderer was between the horns of Taurus. In scanning the sky, Messier later wrote, "I discovered below the southern horn and a short distance from the star zeta of that constellation, a whitish light, elongated in the form of the light from a candle, not containing any star."

When he published his first list of nebulae in 1771, Messier added a special note concerning this blob of "candle light." The note said:

"Observed by Dr. Bevis about 1731. It is reported in the English *Atlas Celeste*."

After that, many astronomers examined Dr. Bevis' nebula, and argued whether or not it was a cluster of stars. A drawing of it was published in 1844 by Lord Rosse. This looked like a

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sketch of a bug. He called it a "crab." And the name stuck.

The Crab Nebula was photographed for the first time in 1892 by Isaac Roberts. Other photographers followed, with progressively better equipment, and the steadily sharpened detail of their pictures gradually emphasized the fact that among thousands of nebulae in the sky, none was so mysterious.

Curiosity about the Crab was heightened by a long series of provocative new events in the sky. In 1838, the great British astronomer John Herschel watched a star flare to unaccustomed brightness, dim, and then burst out again to the brightness of Sirius in 1843 before returning to its original state. In 1866 another star, this one in the constellation of the Crown, brightened suddenly. In 1876, a third star—in the Swan—rose to momentary prominence. In 1892, a star in Aurigae flashed more luminously than before, and subsequent study of telescopic photographs of its region of the sky showed that this star had been fluctuating in brightness for weeks before the outburst. In 1895, an enormously brilliant star appeared in the Andromedae nebula, which at that time was thought to be a purely gaseous body (and part of the Milky Way—which it is now known not to be). By 1901, when a similar happening occurred in Perseus, the word *nova* had common currency among astronomers, and it was used to designate the flaring star in Aquilae in 1918.

Nova Persei and Nova Aquilae were objects of much public as well as scientific discussion. They were examined repeatedly. Their past was meticulously surveyed. Comparative photography showed that both were throwing off what looked like thick nebulous shells.

What caused these stellar explosions?

The Crab Nebula, still unique among the thousands of its kind in the heavens, was a natural source of clues. Could any signs be seen in it with the help of the stronger telescopes that were coming into use?

C. O. Lampland saw one in 1921. The nebulosity of the Crab was changing with passage of time. The changes could be interpreted in either of two ways: The nebula might be brightening, or some part of the Crab might be moving. Which was true?

Pictures taken through the sixty-inch reflecting telescope on Mount Wilson were available to J C. Duncan. He compared plates of the Crab Nebula taken eleven and a half years apart. During that interval, he found, a dozen of the outer filaments of the Crab had moved away from the center of the nebula. Like Nova Persei and Nova Aquilae, the Crab was expanding!

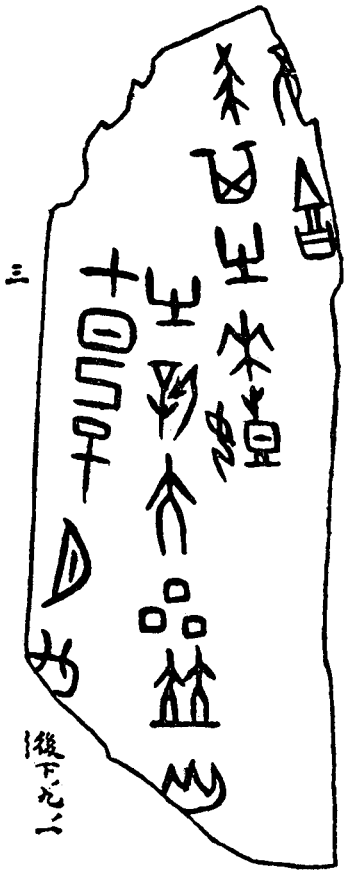
Apparently inspired by nothing more specific than the spirit of discovery, K. Lundmark, a Swedish astronomer, chose that particular point in time to inquire into the dates and locations of novae recorded by the ancient Chinese. In 1921 he published a list containing specifications of the "guest star" of July 4, 1054, which, he noted, had appeared in the constellation Taurus "near NGC 1952."

NGC 1952 is astronomical shorthand for the Crab Nebula.

But no one connected the "guest star" of 1054 with the expanding Crab Nebula until seven years later, when one of the greatest astronomers of modern times, E. P. Hubble, made some characteristic calculations. His figures demonstrated that the rate of expansion of the Crab was just about what might be expected to result from an explosion 900 years earlier. And he called attention to the close agreement between the position of the Crab and the position of the "guest star" of 1054.

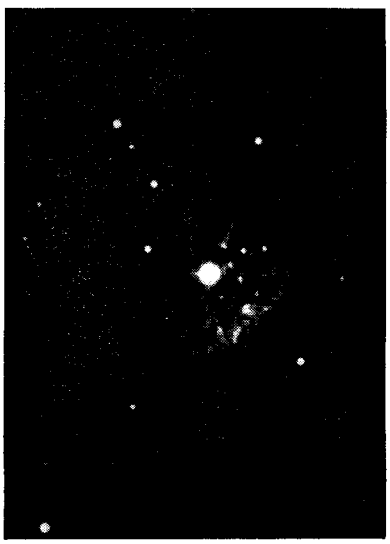
Because Hubble wrote these observations in a *Leaflet* of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, and because *Leaflets* were intended for the lay public, professional astronomers did not become aware of the revealing nature of his calculations for a long time.

In the May 1934 issue of *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences,*

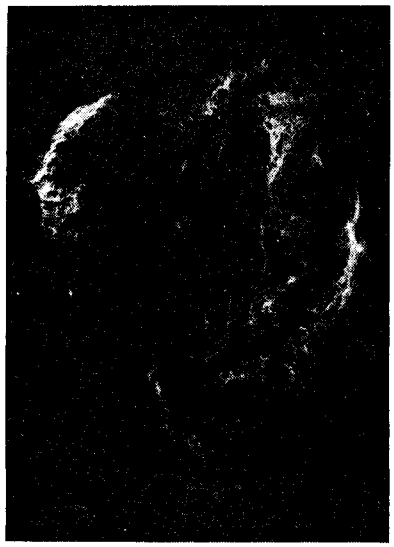


—Cambridge U. Press.

GALLERY OF EXPLODING STARS. Reproduced at left is a Chinese oracle bone, fragment of a mammalian shoulder blade first inscribed with a question and then subjected to searing by a red-hot poker. Answer to question was divined from pathways of cracks caused by heat in the bone. Appearance of "guest stars" might later be noted as confirmation. Joseph Needham's *Science and Civilization in China* dates this "guest star" record about 1300 B.C. Center photo below shows Nova Persei's retreating nebulous shell six months after explosion in 1901. Photo at right shows nebulous fragments of Cygnus "loop" supernova explosion, believed to have happened 50,000 to 100,000 years ago. Older remnants are too dim to be detected.



—Mt. Wilson-Palomar.



—Mt. Wilson-Palomar.

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for example, Professor Fritz Zwicky of California Institute of Technology and the late genius Walter Baade drew a distinction between novae and supernovae for the first time in the scientific literature. They described common novae as stars which flared up suddenly and then died down again. Ten to twenty novae appeared each year in the Milky Way galaxy alone. Supernovae, on the other hand, were seen on the average but once in several centuries, and their before-and-after phases were unknown. Only two supernovae were named in the Baade-Zwicky paper: that of 1572 in the Milky Way galaxy and that of 1895 in the Andromedae galaxy.

Because of the work of the Joliot-Curies in France and Enrico Fermi in Italy, the whole scientific community at that time was preoccupied with analysis of the atomic nucleus. One of the best tools for the task was the spectrograph, which identifies individual elements according to characteristic wavelengths of light each emits in burning. Spectographic technique advanced rapidly to meet the need. Since the method had been discovered by an astronomer, stars and nebulae got special attention. And in 1937 telescopic cameras at Lick Observatory recorded the full spectrum of the Crab Nebula for the first time. It then could be seen that the Crab was expelling a shell of gas at a speed of 600 miles per second. The nebula's distance from earth was fixed at 5,000 light-years. According to the brightness indicated by ancient Oriental records, the "guest star" of 1054 (finally identified with the Crab in the April 1942 issue of *Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific* by the Leiden Orientalist, Dr. J. J. L. Duyvendak) must have had a magnitude of −13 (the magnitude scale runs upward from plus to minus values, the sun's magnitude being −27).

Today the Crab Nebula (see *SR*'s cover) has more scientific interest than ever. Apparently it is an amorphous mass of luminous gas surrounded by fiery filaments. The arrangement of the filaments has been associated with a pattern of magnetic fields, suggesting that the radiation is bound by magnetic loops and accelerated by constant motion as in an earth-bound nuclear particle accelerator. Russian astrophysicist I. S. Shklovsky has proposed that in this manner cosmic rays are generated.

The question of the Crab's origin is almost as mysterious now as it was to the ancient Chinese. Did a great gas cloud collapse? Did a single star reach an unstable state in its evolution, blow up, and set off similar explosions in a number of other stars? Or did one massive star go berserk?

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

SCIENCE IN JOURNALS

DID AMERICAN INDIANS SEE THE "GUEST STAR"?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To tame the Colorado River for useful work in irrigation and generation of electric power, a series of impounding dams have been built in the American West. Late last year one was finished at Glen Canyon in northern Arizona. Preliminary surveys for it were completed a decade ago. Because the dam is creating behind it a large lake, and because the Antiquities Act of Congress requires cultural relics of areas so flooded to be removed and preserved in museums, prehistoric ruins were sought in Navaho Canyon (see map, page 38). Among the searchers was Mr. William C. Miller, a photographer at Mount Wilson and Palomar Mountain Astronomical Observatories. He found an unusual drawing on the back wall of a cave in the White Mesa. Another member of the survey party, Dr. Helmut Abt, of Yerkes Observatory, later discovered a similar drawing on a cliff wall in a canyon nearby. Still later, Mr. Miller showed pictures of the drawings to Dr. Fred Hoyle, the noted British cosmologist. Dr. Hoyle raised the possibility that Pueblo Indians who once occupied the ruins might have witnessed and recorded the supernova of A.D. 1054. The late Dr. Walter Baade, of the Mount Wilson-Palomar staff, followed up the suggestion with some calculations. The following publication, known to few laymen, rarely referred to even by scientists, resulted.*

RECENT archaeological surveys by the Museum of Northern Arizona have brought to light two prehistorical drawings which may have astronomical significance. Both of these were found in wilderness areas of northern Arizona: one in a cave containing ruins located in the White Mesa, and the other on a canyon wall closely associated with ruins on a tributary of Navaho Canyon.

While it is a dubious undertaking to attempt to interpret the drawings left by the ancient Pueblo people, the unique character of these two drawings and their striking similarity prompted an exploration of the possibilities they suggest.

The drawings show a crescent in close association with a circle; in both, the circle is located below the center of the crescent. Since the crescent is a very rare figure among the drawings found in northern Arizona, it at once attracted attention.

The first drawing shows the crescent with a circle eclipsing the lower cusp, and suggests, if the crescent is considered to represent the moon, that the drawing depicts an object passing between the earth and the moon. If such an object were a planetoid, it would not have appeared as a fully illuminated disk, but as a crescent similar to the moon, and would probably have been so depicted. It is unlikely that a self-luminous object ever passed between the earth and the moon, unless it were a comet, but a comet would have been too diffuse to be represented by a sharp circle. Such a close passage of either a planetoid or a comet borders on the impossible.

Assuming for the sake of argument that some astronomical event was the inspiration for the two drawings, is it possible that the same event inspired both? As the illustrations show, there are differences between the two. In the White Mesa drawing (upper photo, page 38) the crescent is shown convex to the right with the circle overlying the lower cusp. In the Navaho Canyon drawing (lower photo, page 38) the moon is convex to the left and the circle is shown well below the crescent. Obviously the event occurred either in the evening or in the morning since the moon was in crescent phase. If both drawings depict the same event, why the reversal of orientation?

It is not at all uncommon to find the moon shown in the wrong orientation even in modern illustrations and stage settings. Non-astronomically trained people show a notorious lack of concern about the matter. It would make an interesting experiment to call the attention of a group of people some evening to the crescent moon close to some object such as a church spire, and later ask them to draw what they had seen. How many would draw the moon convex in the correct direction?

The situation is further complicated by the fact that the ancient artists made the two drawings on cave and cliff walls

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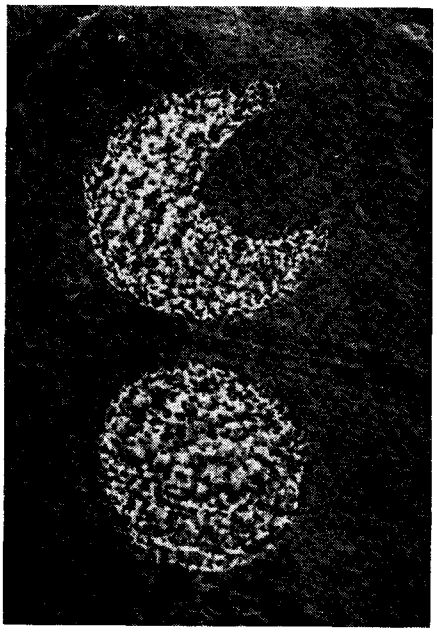
—*William C. Miller.*



—*R. C. Euler, Arizona State.*

Pueblo skywatchers drew upper sketch, excised lower one in canyon rock.

which necessitated that they face north while drawing, after having viewed the scene while facing east or west. One wonders what thought processes were involved in this transformation. Did one artist reproduce the scene as he had viewed it with the moon convex to his left, while the other reproduced it with the drawing of the moon convex in the same direction as the moon itself, *i.e.*, convex to the east regardless of its relation to his left or right hand? Either case seems equally plausible.

The problem posed by the relative location of the circle in the two drawings is also of interest. In the White Mesa drawing the circle is shown overlying the lower cusp of the moon, suggesting that the two objects were very close together in the line of sight. The Navaho Canyon drawing shows a reasonable separation between the moon and the circle. When one inspects prehistoric drawings in general in that area he is immediately struck by the grotesque distortions and the complete lack of any sense of proportion. Therefore, little weight can be placed on the "scale" of the two drawings.

These general considerations, while leading to no definite conclusions, would suggest that it is possible for the two drawings to depict the same event. But what event?

Since the passage of a luminous body between the earth and the moon can be discarded as too improbable to warrant consideration, what other astronomical phenomenon might have inspired the drawings? To have merited special attention the event must have been exceedingly rare or highly spectacular, or both. During the centuries that the mesas and canyons of northern Arizona were occupied, the bright planets Venus and Jupiter appeared close to the moon often enough to call for no special attention; otherwise such drawings would be commonplace. The only other objects sufficiently unusual to attract attention are novae. Such an object of sufficient brilliance could have presented a beautiful spectacle in conjunction with the crescent moon.

On the morning of July 4, A.D. 1054, Japanese and Chinese astronomers independently observed in the morning sky an extremely bright nova near the star Zeta Tauri. It was so bright that it was easily visible in broad daylight. This was the famous supernova of 1054, believed to be the origin of the Crab Nebula. Recent discussions of the available data indicate that this supernova was about six times as bright as Venus, and was probably the brightest star-like object ever recorded. The known supernovae of our galaxy are:

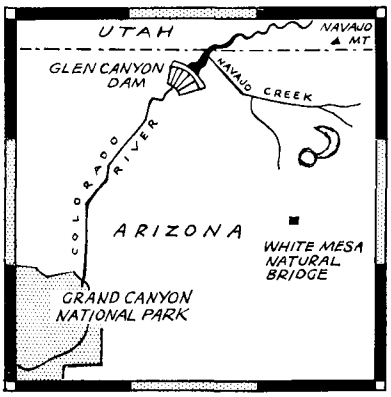
Crab	A.D. 1054	Mag. −5
Tycho	1572	−4
Kepler	1604	−2

The possibility that the drawings found in northern Arizona depict an event which had been recorded nowhere else except in ancient oriental history was so intriguing that computations were undertaken to determine whether it might seem reasonable to associate the drawings with that event. The key to the problem lay in the fact that both drawings showed the crescent moon in close association with the circle assumed to represent the supernova. The first step consisted of establishing the location of the moon at the time the supernova flared to maximum brilliance. The requirements for a favorable answer were that the phase of the moon be only a few days before the new moon on or near July 4, 1054, and that it be located within a few degrees of the known position of the supernova which would have been a brilliant object near the eastern horizon about an hour before sunrise.

These computations were carried out with the aid of tables prepared by Paul V. Neugebauer, which facilitate the location of all major planets, the sun, and the moon at any date as far back as 4000 B.C., and into the future to A.D. 3000. Computations were made to determine the location of the moon with respect to the supernova for the months of July and August, 1054, the period of maximum brilliance. The results show that (1) the moon was at crescent phase in the morning sky on July 4 and 5, and (2) at about three o'clock on the morning of the 5th was directly north of the supernova and only two degrees distant. The rather stringent conditions for a favorable answer seem to be met and strongly suggest the possibility that the two drawings actually depict the event of the apparition of the supernova of 1054.

There remains one point which must be settled, however. Were the two sites at which the drawings were found occupied in A.D. 1054? This question can be answered by a study of the fragments of pottery collected about the sites. Archaeologists have established the dates at which certain diagnostic types of pottery were made, by means of chronology based on the study of tree-rings.

The potsherds collected at the two sites were analyzed by Dr. Robert C. Euler, Curator of Anthropology at the Museum of Northern Arizona, Flagstaff. As a result of this analysis it was found that the majority of sherds collected at the White Mesa dated later than 1070, with only a trace of sherds dating around 1054. The later occupation would do much to dilute and obscure evidences of earlier occupation. The sit-



—*Doug Anderson.*

Approximate site of the discovery.

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uation at the Navaho Canyon site was much more fortunate. Although an analysis of the sherds collected from the surface of the ground surrounding the site again showed only slight evidence of occupation in 1054, a deep arroyo eroded into the canyon floor nearby and exposed deeper strata from which sherds were collected and correlated with their depth below the ground level. The lowest layer yielded sherds dating prior to A.D. 700, while the middle layer gave sherds dating to A.D. 1300, twenty-one per cent of which dated between 900 and 1100.

The conditions encountered at the site in Navaho Canyon may well indicate what would be found at the White Mesa were it possible to study the stratigraphy of that site in a similar manner. In the light of this evidence it appears quite probable that the two sites, or at least their immediate environs, were occupied at the time of the supernova.

In conclusion let us summarize the evidence. Oriental records show that the supernova of 1054 first became visible in the morning sky of July 4; early on the morning of July 5, before dawn, the crescent moon stood just two degrees north of the supernova making a configuration of spectacular beauty; this supernova was probably the brightest object other than the sun and moon ever to appear in the sky in the memory of man and would certainly attract attention; the two prehistoric cliff sites at which the drawings were found both opened to the south and had an unobstructed view of the eastern sky; both sites, particularly that in Navaho Canyon, show evidence of occupation at the time of the supernova; although there are inconsistencies between the two drawings, both show the crescent moon at the same phase and both show the circle, assumed to represent the supernova, south of the center of the crescent, which agrees with reality.

While this evidence is admittedly circumstantial, the unique character of the drawings and the possibilities they suggest seem adequate justification for this investigation. It is hoped that other examples of similar prehistoric drawings in the Southwest will come to attention and aid in resolving the problem.

—WILLIAM C. MILLER
in Leaflet No. 314-July, 1955, Astronomical Society of the Pacific.

Since original publication of the above report a decade ago, Mr. Miller tells SR's science editor, another drawing has been found. It shows a series of circles below the crescent, indicating motion that would have occurred during the course of a day. Actually, it was the crescent moon that moved in relation to the nova of 1054 rather than vice-versa.

THE "NEW STAR" OF 1572 IS STILL EXPLODING

It Started an Intellectual Revolution

By C. DORIS HELLMAN

AMONG the novae of which we have historical record, one exploded in such circumstances that it has reverberated in men's minds ever since. This was the "new star" of 1572.

This nova suddenly appeared in the familiar constellation of Cassiopeia, "the lady in the chair," in a position where no star had previously been observed. There was great wonderment among watchers below because, according to the accepted cosmology of the time, no new happening was supposed to be possible so far out in the sky.

Following the teaching of Aristotle, sixteenth century astronomers believed that all the stars were eternally fixed in the eighth of a series of concentric crystalline spheres which rotated about a stationary earth. The ninth and last sphere was the *primum mobile*, which moved all the spheres within it. The sun, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn each moved circularly at its own set distance inside the starry sphere, as did the moon. All change occurred in the region between the earth and the moon while the vast space beyond remained immutable.

Nicolaus Copernicus had replaced the earth with the sun at the center of heavenly motion in 1543. His scheme had not yet won wide acceptance, however; and even those who did accept his heliocentric system continued to believe in the immutability of the region of which the moon was the closest outpost.

Sudden appearance and disappearance of bright comets had been recognized and recorded; but the Aristotelian tradition explained those as earthly vapors ignited in the upper atmosphere. Some unconfirmed notice of new stars also was extant. The great Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, was reputed to have observed a bright one 1700 years earlier. But Western Europeans had no positive news of any such recent phenomena as the nova of 1054, recorded in Chinese annals for that year as a "guest star." Thus, there was no real precedent for the "new star" of 1572, and its appearance aroused excitement everywhere.

"I am unable to admire enough the new shining of the star of our time," wrote Francesco Maurolyco, the leading Sicilian mathematician of the period, on November 6, 1572. "Hastily, subject to the judgment of the more wise," he set down his comments in Messina, as though others had urged upon him the necessity of establishing scientific documentation of the facts. He noted that he had sighted the star at "the third hour of the night." He measured and reported its angle above the horizon as well as its approximate longitude.

The hurried nature of his communication might suggest that the observation he mentioned was the only one he had made and that he had made it on the day on which he wrote. On the other hand, he speculated that "perhaps just as it began to shine it thus will cease." From these words one has the feeling that Maurolyco was aware of the existence of the star before November 6. Would he have written "began to shine" if it had been something absolutely new, for which he had the record of only one night's appearance?

But when could he have seen it? Hieronymus Mugnoz, a Spanish scholar, was teaching an outdoor class in astronomy on the evening of November 2, and he later expressed certainty that he would have been aware of the nova if it had been visible in Cassiopeia that night. Thus Maurolyco might have observed the star between November 3 and November 6.

Even if Maurolyco did not see the nova until November 6, he and Wolfgang Schuler, of the University of Wittenberg in Germany, made the first dated observations. On the following night, at least three other scientists noticed the nova: Paul Hainzel, of Augsburg; Bernhard Lindauer, of Winterthur in Switzerland; and Professor Michael Maestlin of Tübingen University, the man who taught Johannes Kepler astronomy.

Professor Maestlin, with typically elegant simplicity, picked four stars in

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Cassiopeia so situated that the nova was at the intersection of two lines, each drawn through two of the known stars. Holding a thread before his eyes, so that it passed through the new star and two of the others, he convinced himself that the newcomer in the constellation did not move in relation to Cassiopeia's other stars. Hence the intruder was a star and not a comet—an opinion already reached by Maurolyco.

THIS opinion was argued widely and warmly. At least fifty men, of varying degrees of competence, wrote manuscripts on the subject. Some of the writings were translated into several languages; others were reprinted a number of times. One of them altered the main stream of all subsequent thought about man's place in the universe simply because its author, Tycho Brahe, meticulously described the ascertainable facts instead of dogmatically reiterating a point of view.

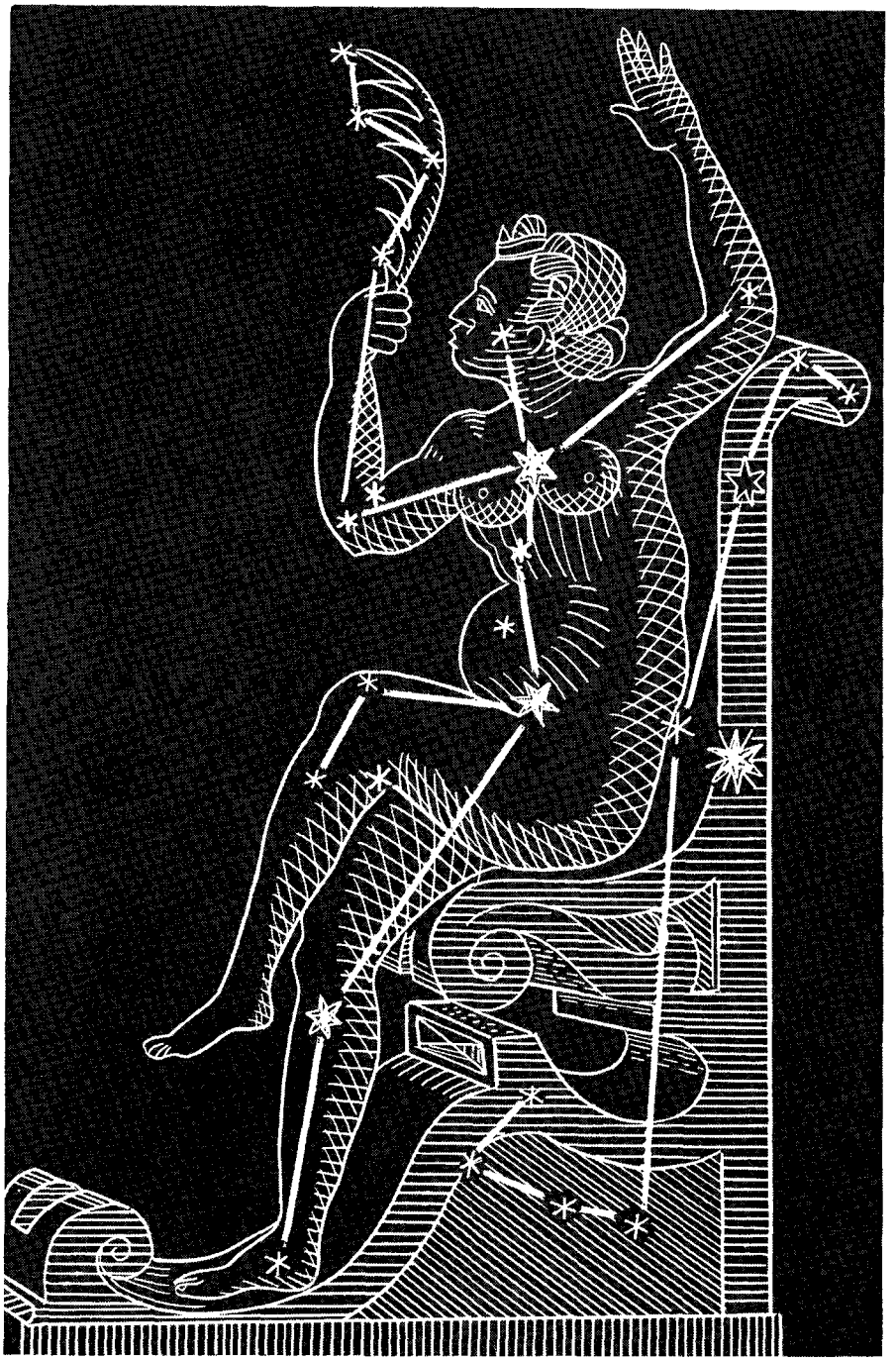
Brahe was a young Danish nobleman, whose precocious talent for accurate observation of the heavens soon would bring him a royal gift of an entire island on which to exercise his genius. He did not see the nova until the evening of November 11, and then was so startled by its brightness that he asked his servants and some passing peasants to confirm the new star's presence.

Although he did not yet have the elaborate instruments with which he later furnished his observatory, he did have a large new sextant with which to observe the new phenomenon. By measuring the distance of the new star from the nine principal stars in Cassiopeia, Tycho found that the nova did not move relative to them. He also measured the angular distance of the nova from a star which crossed the meridian at nearly the same time; he found no change whatsoever in the distance at upper and lower culmination. If the new star had been as close to earth as the moon was, there would have been a difference of fifty-eight and a half minutes of arc. Since there was no such difference, the nova could not be in the elementary region (between the earth and the moon). Nor could the new star be attached to any planetary sphere, for such attachment would have carried the star along in a direction contrary to the direction of the diurnal revolution of the heavens. Brahe concluded that the nova was in the sphere of the fixed stars.

When Tycho first saw the star, it was as bright as Venus at its brightest. In December the nova dimmed to about the brightness of Jupiter. In January of 1573 the new star was fainter than Jupiter but somewhat brighter than first magnitude stars, in February and March equal to first magnitude stars, in April and May comparable to stars of the second magnitude. Growing still fainter in June, the nova by July and August was equal to a star of the third magnitude, shining like the principal stars of Cassiopeia. It continued to decrease in brightness during September, and in October it became like a star of the fourth magnitude. In November it was equal to the eleventh star in Cassiopeia, near which it was situated. At the end of 1573 and in January of 1574 it hardly exceeded fifth magnitude. In February it was sixth magnitude and less; about the end of March it was no longer visible.

At first it shone with a clear white light, attaining the splendor of Venus and Jupiter. But it changed with time, growing yellowish, and then, at the beginning of spring in 1573, it seemed reddened and contracted and became like Aldebaran or the star in the left shoulder of Orion (Betelgeuse), resembling the former more than the latter in color. Toward the end of spring, especially in May, it turned leaden like Saturn, and remained that way until it disappeared.

It was round, twinkled like the other stars, and had no tail like a comet. As might be expected, Tycho was restrained by tradition, and the reason he gave for its not being a comet was that, as past authorities had agreed, a comet or fiery meteor could not originate in



—*Doug Anderson after Tycho Brahe in "Introduction to the New Astronomy."*

Nova of 1572 exploded behind the back of Cassiopeia's mythical lady.

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the heavens but had to be generated in the upper regions of the air.

Tycho erroneously connected the brightness of a star with its size, assuming that a first magnitude star is 105 times as large as the earth. From this it followed that the new star must have been tremendous to begin with, but must have decreased in size.

Tycho did not fail to express himself concerning the astrological effects of the new star, which could not be estimated in the usual manner because the star was a most unusual phenomenon. As late as 1632 this portion of his work was cited at length in two tracts in English which were trying to show that the nova of 1572 was currently having its effect. This was during the Thirty Years War and the year of the death of King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.

But even in these astrological treatises, the supra-lunar position of the star was stressed. Here again was posed the philosophical problem of disagreement with the long accepted Aristotelian notion of the immutability of the heavens.

The observations of the new star focused attention on the discrepancies in the older systems of cosmology and alerted the philosopher-scientists to the need for testing Copernicus's new theory. Consequently, when a spectacular comet appeared three years after the nova disappeared, more eyes were trained on the heavens and more hands were recording what could be seen there.

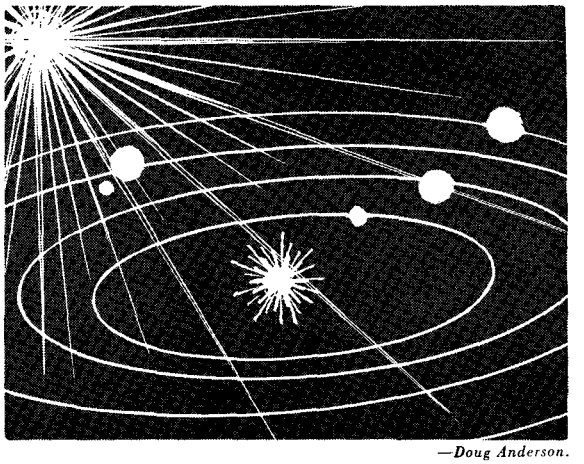
Tycho Brahe especially was convinced of the necessity of reforming astronomy. He realized that to do this he must accumulate a large body of observations of the motions of the sun, moon and planets—systematically and consecutively. In the years between the nova of 1572 and the comet of 1577 he had been granted the island Hveen off the coast of Denmark, and there had built an elaborate observatory equipped with astronomical instruments more accurate than any hitherto assembled. This was before the time of the telescope. The instruments were large to minimize errors, and their arcs were divided at small intervals to increase accuracy. Some even had dotted lines to facilitate calculation of the intervals between divisions. The unique quality of the observatory attracted a continuous stream of young students. Brahe taught them not only to be patient and careful but to compensate for errors introduced by the instruments themselves.

He wrote a tract on the comet of 1577, in German, the year after the comet appeared. In this paper, Tycho stressed the comet's supra-lunar position and what it meant to Aristotelian doctrine. The tract was not printed until the twentieth century, but the composition of it served a purpose in focusing Brahe's thought. By the time the words were set down, Tycho was already at work on his own system of the universe, which he hoped would do away with the inaccuracies of Ptolemy's system without introducing what he considered the absurdities of Copernicus's heliocentric theory.

It was in a Latin treatise on the comet of 1577, published in 1588, that the Tychonic system was announced. Tycho could not conceive of a moving earth because of disagreement with literal reading of Scripture and also because, confident of the accuracy of his observations, he could not account for his failure to detect a change in the apparent position of a fixed star—a change which would seem to occur as the position of an observer standing on earth actually would change if the earth moved. Tycho could not comprehend a universe so vast that the distance of the stars would be too great for the motion of earth to be noticeable by comparison. For this failing he, who had no telescope, certainly may be forgiven; actual observation of the displacement he was looking for occurred only after ever more powerful tele-

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

Exploding Stars and Evolution



—Doug Anderson.

LET us inquire what would happen if one of the stars nearest to the sun were to explode as a supernova.

The optical effect of such an outburst would be very striking, although not of a catastrophic character. For several days there would blaze forth in our sky an object of stellar magnitude −15 or even −20. After some hundreds or thousands of years a shock wave would pass through the solar system—the gaseous envelope of the supernova. We may readily satisfy ourselves that during this event our solar system would experience no palpable physical or dynamical changes.

Far more important is the fact that in the course of a few thousand years the solar system would have found itself in a region where the density of cosmic rays was tens, possibly even hundreds, of times as great as it is now. This could have most serious genetic consequences for a wide variety of species. For some species, these consequences might well be catastrophic; but for others the irradiation might be of little effect, or even favorable.

Given the frequency with which supernovae appear in the galaxy and the mean number of relativistic particles formed in such an outburst, we may estimate the probability that the solar system will enter a region of excess cosmic-ray density. It turns out that every few hundred million years the sun must find itself, for some tens of thousands of years, in a region where the cosmic-ray density exceeds the present density by a factor of a score or two.

In other words, over the span of its evolution our solar system has repeatedly passed through radio nebulae, the remnants of supernova explosions.

Who knows whether this might not be the explanation for such paleontological phenomena as the wholesale extinction of the reptiles at the close of the Cretaceous Period, or the exceptionally luxuriant growth of vegetation in the Carboniferous Period!

Indeed, the rise of life itself on the earth may have been stimulated by a prolonged, powerful irradiation of primeval organic molecules, not yet living.

At any rate, paleontology today must take into account, along with other basic factors which have governed the evolution of life on the earth, such an extremely vital genetic factor as the general level of hard radiation. Radio astronomy can provide an estimate, although a crude one, of the magnitude of the variation in this factor over the geological history of the earth.

—I. S. SHKLOVSKY

in *Cosmic Radio Waves*,
translated by Richard B. Rodman
and Carlos M. Varsavsky,
(Harvard U. Press, $12.50)

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scopes had been developed for two and a quarter centuries.

Nevertheless, the comet of 1577 undoubtedly had traveled across the supposed crystalline spheres. And the Ptolemaic system of cosmology did not locate the planets where Brahe's observations were finding them to be. So Ptolemy had to be abandoned.

In the Tychonic system, a stationary earth was the center of revolution for the moon and for the sun. The sun, in turn, was the center of motion for the five then known planets and carried them along in its journey around the earth. The comet, too, traveled around the sun, but in an ovoid, not a circular path.

Although awkward, the system was mathematically as useful as the Copernican and later, like the Copernican, proved able to account for certain telescopic observations which Tycho could not have anticipated, such as those of the phases of Venus (due to the motion of Venus around the sun). So the Tychonic system offered a welcome alternative to the many persons who were dissatisfied with the systems of antiquity but could not accept a moving earth.

Tycho, on his island, carried on a correspondence with scholars scattered over Europe and acted like a clearing house for information on techniques of observing, on observational data, new books and new ideas. It can almost be said that he played the role now played by scientific societies through the publication of their journals. In the seventeenth century his instruments were copied in Islam and his system was made known there. He brought glory to his native land.

Brahe was haughty, however, and heedless of the welfare of his tenants on Hveen. After some twenty years of observing on his island, Tycho left Denmark in disagreement with his sovereign. For a short time he wandered in Europe, then settled in Prague in 1599 as imperial mathematician to the Hapsburg emperor, Rudolph II. Tycho subsequently moved to a castle near that capital. It was there, in 1601, about a year after the arrival of a young new assistant, Johannes Kepler, that the famed Danish observer died.

Tycho had envisioned himself not only as a completely accurate observer but also as a builder of a cosmology which would replace those of antiquity. This latter he was not. But his observations, which began in earnest with the new star of 1572, were sufficiently accurate so that when they fell into the hands of his new assistant, they formed the basis for computations which revolutionized astronomy and ultimately destroyed the doctrine of the immutability of the heavens with its sharp distinction between terrestrial and celestial phenomena.

Johannes Kepler, the great theoretician and mathematician, was born just one year before the 1572 nova appeared. When he was six years old, his mother took him to a hilltop to show him the comet of 1577. Four years after he joined Tycho Brahe in Prague, he witnessed the flaring and declining of another nova.

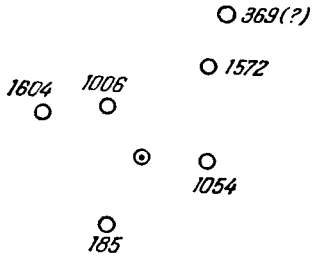
These events helped to shape Kepler's view that the heavens were subject to change as was the region beneath the moon. Since the Copernican theory was not only simpler but more straightforward than Tycho's theory, Kepler accepted Copernicus and, ironically, used Brahe's data to make the Copernican hypothesis acceptable to others.

Starting with the 2,000-year-old doctrine that all heavenly motion had to be circular, Kepler tried to fit Tycho's observations of the positions of the planet Mars into a circle. When Kepler thought he had succeeded, he came out with a discrepancy of eight minutes of arc. Finally, Kepler was forced to decide whether Tycho's observations had been inaccurate or whether the ancient doctrine of circularity was wrong. Faith in Tycho brought the conclusion that the orbit of Mars, rather than being circular, was an ellipse. After the earth's orbit also proved elliptical, the sun-centered system of Copernicus worked with classical elegance.

As long as the crystalline spheres survived, they provided the mover that moved the planets. Once the spheres were discarded to explain novae and comets, it became necessary to find a cause for planetary motion. For Kepler this cause was a propelling force which rested in the sun and pushed the planets around. They moved so much the quicker the nearer they were to the sun. He had some realization of gravity but did not clearly apply its force as scientists do today; nonetheless, his suggestion marks the beginning of celestial dynamics.

Kepler's famous Italian contemporary, Galileo Galilei, devoted a long section of his *Dialogue on the Two Chief Systems of the World* to the supra-lunar position of the nova of 1572. By pointing a new Dutch invention, the telescope, at the sky, Galileo discovered four satellites of Jupiter, little bodies moving around a larger body, not the earth, in the manner in which Copernicus had assumed the planets traveled around the sun. Galileo also saw the phases of Venus and the mountains on the moon. Even more important in the context being considered here, he investigated the motion of projectiles and the laws of falling bodies—the laws of uniformly accelerated motion. Bodies in motion continue to move in the same direction and at the same speed unless acted upon by an outside force. He pointed to the need to find a force which kept the planets in their orbits.

Later in the seventeenth century, Sir Isaac Newton synthesized the work of Kepler, Galileo, and others, formulated the three laws of motion, demonstrated that gravity is the force governing mo-



—*Cosmic Radio Waves.*

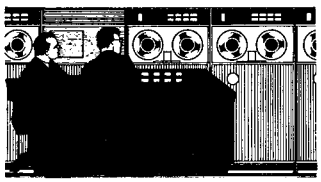
"NEW STAR OF 1572," once considered rare, has enough companions scattered around the sun (indicated above by circled period) to convince statisticians that supernovae probably appear at thirty-to-sixty year intervals.

Supernovae have advanced science by:

1) helping to determine existence of galaxies other than our own Milky Way;

2) providing comparative means for studying the sun's atmosphere;

3) providing means of studying faint atmosphere of the moon.



COMPUTERS—
a lucid,
non-technical
introduction:

- How they work
- What they do
- How they are changing our lives

THE ANALYTICAL ENGINE

By JEREMY BERNSTEIN

(the first physicist on the staff of **The New Yorker**, where the contents of this book, in slightly different form, originally appeared)
$2.95, now at your bookstore

RANDOM HOUSE

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tion of the planets, and, along with Leibnitz, introduced the calculus, a new mathematics capable of solving problems of varying velocity.

Scientific revolutions, unlike political ones, are not sudden upheavals. Tycho was a great man and his work had a tremendous impact, even if it did not encompass a reform of astronomy in the terms he had envisioned. What startled him and his contemporaries was the possibility of generation or change (and it would not have mattered which) in the supposedly immutable heavens. They were shaken by the subsequent breakdown of the traditional distinction between the terrestrial and celestial regions.

In the very earliest reports of the observations of the nova of 1572, many of them made while the star was still visible, its position beyond the supposed sphere of the moon had not only been stated but also appreciated in terms of the effect this had on the doctrine of the heavenly immutability. It is evident that even without Tycho the break with Aristotelian tradition would have been made, although it might have remained only a crack for a much longer time.

Tycho does not lose stature by this because the consistent excellence of his observations after 1572 formed the cornerstone for Kepler's dynamics. Had Tycho's observations been less accurate than they were, Kepler could not have discovered the planet laws. Had the observations been more accurate, Kepler would have been kept from discovering the laws by variations for which he would not have been able to account. The observations were of just the right degree of accuracy and they were made at just the right time.

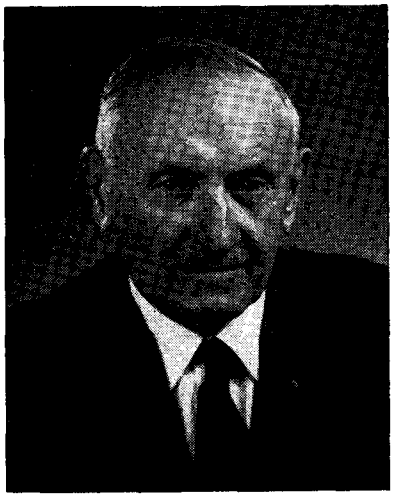
The star of 1572 was a big explosion, not only physically but also intellectually. Modern astronomers call it "Tycho's star," and recognize it as a supernova—not a new star at all but an old one that reached a stage of its evolution where nuclear instabilities caused it to collapse and throw off practically all of its remaining energy in one enormous burst. Though invisible except to the strongest optical telescopes of today, whatever is left in the neighborhood once occupied by "Tycho's star" is still radiating at long wavelengths detectable by radio-telescopes. And just as the matter from this exploding star continues to spread out in space, so the ideas it set off in the minds of its sixteenth century observers have continued to expand for generations.

Dr. C. Doris Hellman is Professorial Lecturer at Pratt Institute and Adjunct Professor of the History of Science at New York University.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XCVI

THE CHIEF WATCHMAN

Dr. Fritz Zwicky



—*Caltech.*

ON THE THEORY that it takes one to find one, Dr. Fritz Zwicky, Professor of Astrophysics at California Institute of Technology and a member of the staff of the astronomical observatories on Mount Wilson and Palomar Mountain, is splendidly qualified for his present post—planet earth's head watchman for supernovae.

For supernovae are highly explosive and controversial objects.

And few scientists are more explosive and controversial than Professor Zwicky.

"He goes off on tangents," some of his colleagues say, and "He's a most stubborn man."

Then there is the opposite opinion: "He sticks to his ideas. He's genuine."

And finally this third view: "I think Fritz Zwicky is a very normal man for an astronomer."

Whatever reaction Professor Zwicky's ideas provoke, no one who knows him doubts that the ideas are his own. He has been spinning them off in a steady stream since he came to the United States from his native Switzerland forty years ago. Trained as a physicist, with special interest in crystals and gases, he arrived in California as a research fellow of the International Education Board (Rockefeller Foundation) at a moment when physics was transforming astronomy.

Under the old tradition begun by Galileo Galilei in 1609, observers of the skies actually sat up nights looking through the lenses of telescopes. Old-timers were resisting the new trend, which called for cameras to be attached to the lenses in order to obtain a permanent record. The Rockefeller Foundation was financing a 200-inch reflecting telescope (best for concentrating light for pictures) on Palomar with the intention of completing the change from passive looking to scientific laboratory analysis of photographic plates.

"Although the Carnegie Institution had worked out a pilot plant on Mount Wilson, and the telescope on Palomar would have to be operated in connection with it, the Rockefeller Foundation gave the money for the big new telescope to Caltech," Professor Zwicky recalls. "So a few of us in the Caltech physics lab were moved over to apply physical principles to astronomy."

One of the first principles that came to Professor Zwicky's mind was the principle of mutual attraction. It governed both electrical and gravitational forces. From it he reasoned that "there must be in the universe many compact bodies."

In the spring of 1934, in a report he co-authored with the late Dr. Walter Baade, Professor Zwicky drew the first clear-cut professional distinction between common nova (stars which flare and dim repeatedly) and supernovae. Supernovae, the report said, blew off considerable mass and could leave a pure neutron core.

The neutron star concept has gained increasing acceptance as the years have passed (see pages 44-45). Wherever the Professor's iron-gray head appears, towering above his powerfully shouldered six-foot frame, ears begin to strain for sound of new pronouncements.

If he talks (as he has) of pushing the planets around and knocking pieces off them to serve as vacation spots for the harassed (as an Alpine climber his notions of safety are somewhat unconventional), listeners have learned to wait for less imaginative treatment of the situation. On jet propulsion, underwater as well as in and above the atmosphere, the patents he holds make anything he says worth hearing. On the search for supernovae, his word is final.

Professor Zwicky has studied 4,000 galaxies, found scores of explosion fragments. Since 1961, he has chaired a committee of the International Astronomical Union which coordinates a continuous patrol of the sky by telescopes in twelve observatories: four in Russia; one each in Italy, Switzerland, Mexico, Argentina, France, Belgium; Kitt Peak in Arizona, and Palomar. —WILL JONATHAN.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Naval Research Laboratory.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Always in cycles, as life itself goes. One that began in July 910 years ago, with the flaring of a bright "new star" near the path of the moon, will be completed in this month of July 1964—when the moon passes directly between the earth and the remnants of that star of 1054: now recognized as the Crab Nebula. The Crab emits such powerful radiation that the eclipsing of the nebula can be used as a standard of scientific measurement. A research team from the Naval Research Laboratory (Dr. Herbert Friedman, S. Bowyer, E. T. Byram and T. A. Chubb) will send a rocket up from White Sands, New Mexico, on the afternoon of July 7 in an attempt to establish the pattern of X-ray emission from the Crab as the moon obscures the nebula. Dr. Friedman's report below is an expanded revision of a paper originally published in the U.S. Office of Naval Research journal, "Naval Research Reviews."

HERBERT FRIEDMAN
Naval Research Laboratory (ONR)

X-RAYS are created by the interaction of high-speed electrons with other matter. Scientists therefore assume that X-rays are discharged from the centers of galaxies, from the coronas of stars, from star flares, and from other very hot matter in the sky including the remnants of supernovae.

On April 29, 1963, the Naval Research Laboratory launched an Aerobee rocket over New Mexico, carrying an instrument designed to detect and to count X-rays. The fins of the rocket had been canted at such an angle as to impart a slow spin, so that as the vehicle rose, it would wobble. Consequently, the rocket turned in flight like a sideways windmill, allowing a small window in the rocket's side to afford surveillance of almost the whole of the horizon. Peering through this window, the X-ray counter was able to view the entire sky above the horizon.

The rocket rose to an altitude of 130 miles—eighty miles above the height at which most of the X-rays of interest begin to be absorbed by the earth's atmosphere. In four minutes of spinning between altitudes of fifty and 130 miles, the X-ray counter noticed only two clearly defined objects that were emitting X-rays—a weak source in the Crab Nebula and a very strong source in the region of the constellation Scorpius.

Eight different times during the flight, the gyrations of the rocket caused the X-ray detector to sweep across the Scorpius source. Each time the presence of X-rays was clearly evident in signals the rocket's robot-observer telemetered back to earth.

The pattern of signals was symmetrically distributed about a particular point. The measurements are consistent with a point source, or star, but could come from an object occupying as much as two degrees of space.

Now no object has ever been seen in this region of the sky by even the most powerful optical telescopes.

Nor have radio-telescopes detected at this point any discrete source of energy emission.

How, then, are the X-ray discharges to be accounted for?

One possible hypothesis is that the X-rays come from an invisible cloud of extremely hot gas, of the order of a million degrees centigrade. But how such a hot gas cloud might arise in this region is not at all obvious.

A second possibility is that the source is a neutron star.

That stars may evolve to a stage in which their cores are composed purely of neutrons was first proposed in 1934 by Dr. Fritz Zwicky and the late Dr. Walter Baade. Later this suggestion was subjected to more detailed theoretical treatment by Drs. J. Robert Oppenheimer and V. M. Volkoff.

Stars are believed to form when turbulent clouds of cold gas and dust condense into spheres under influence of the mutual attraction which we know as gravity. The gravitational pressure heats the gas to incandescence. In stars like the sun, the gas burns gradually and gradually cools until what was once a red giant has shrunk to dwarf size with a white-hot shell. A typical white dwarf is only as big as the planet Jupiter, but has a density of about ten tons per cubic inch.

This progression of events occurs in stars with masses up to slightly less than one and a half times the mass of the sun. If the mass of a star is bigger than that limit, gradual evolution is impossible. The pressure of gravity forces a series of nuclear transformations: hydrogen to helium; helium to carbon; carbon to oxygen, neon, and magnesium; magnesium to sulfur; and sulfur to iron. Whereas the shift from hydrogen to helium may take 10,000,000,000 years at a temperature of 10,000,000 degrees, the change from sulfur to iron can occur in one year. At this stage the temperature reaches the neighborhood of 5,000,000,000 degrees. At 6,000,000,000 degrees the iron changes back into helium, leaves only neutrons in the core of the star, and blows off the equivalent of the entire mass of the sun. In one second of time, the exploding star releases as much energy as the sun normally does in 1,000,000,000 years. For several weeks the star shines as brightly as 200,000,000 suns.

In the final collapse of the supernova, the outer shell of gas goes off into space, leaving the compact core of neutrons, weighing as much as the sun but at a density of 10,000,000,000 to 100,000,000,000 tons per cubic inch. This super-dense neutron star would measure only five to ten miles across.

A NORMAL yellow star, such as the sun, having a surface temperature of 6000 degrees, radiates almost all of its energy in the visible range of wavelengths. A blue star might have surface temperatures of 100,000 degrees and radiate most of its energy in the far ultraviolet. But a neutron star with a 10,000,000 degree surface would radiate nearly all its energy in the form of X-rays and be invisible even if it were as close to the sun as the next nearest star in the sky.

Dr. Hong-Yee Chiu (Columbia University and Goddard Institute for Space Studies) has recently made some computations of neutron star numbers and brightness. Assuming a galaxy 10,000,000,000 years old and an average supernova rate of one per 200 years, the galaxy should now contain 100,000,000 neutron stars. Of these, there might be 100 stars within the galaxy with surface temperatures of about 1,000,000 degrees and lifetimes of 10,000 years. But their X-rays would be most intense at longer wavelengths than those detected in Scorpius. According to Chiu's calculations, one neutron star in the Milky Way should have a surface

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temperature of about 10,000,000 degrees and a life of about 100 years. Its X-ray emission would appear most intense in the range where the rocket's counter detected the source in Scorpius.

The strong X-ray source in Scorpius may therefore be the only neutron star of the strength measured in Scorpius within the entire Milky Way galaxy.

Do we know of a supernova that fits the specifications of the observations in Scorpius?

Over the past two millenia, galactic supernovae have definitely been observed in A.D. 185, 369, 1006, 1054, 1572, and 1604. The last three are the Crab, Tycho Brahe's star, and Kepler's supernova. The earlier cases are documented in the Chinese chronicles, and the location of the 1006 supernova was placed on the far edge of Scorpius from the newly discovered X-ray source. Dr. Donald Morton of Princeton University has informed us that still another supernova is on record in the Chinese chronicles as having reached a brightness comparable to the quarter moon in A.D. 827 and that its location was not far from that of the Scorpius X-ray source.

One discrepancy must be pointed out. The lone supernova which Dr. Chiu's calculations assign to the range of X-ray energies observed in Scorpius is, theoretically, supposed to be only 100 years old. The Scorpius supernova mentioned by Dr. Morton is more than ten times that age.

Anyhow, the argument for a neutron star in Scorpius first requires that the source of X-rays there be identified as a point source, a star. To establish such identification, X-ray telescopes must be developed with a capability of distinguishing between a star and a gas cloud.

A neutron star in Scorpius would seem more reasonable, however, if specifications for neutron stars could be observed elsewhere in the sky.

The first specification, it may be repeated, is a point source of energy. If a point source could be clearly associated with the known position of a supernova, a second specification would be met.

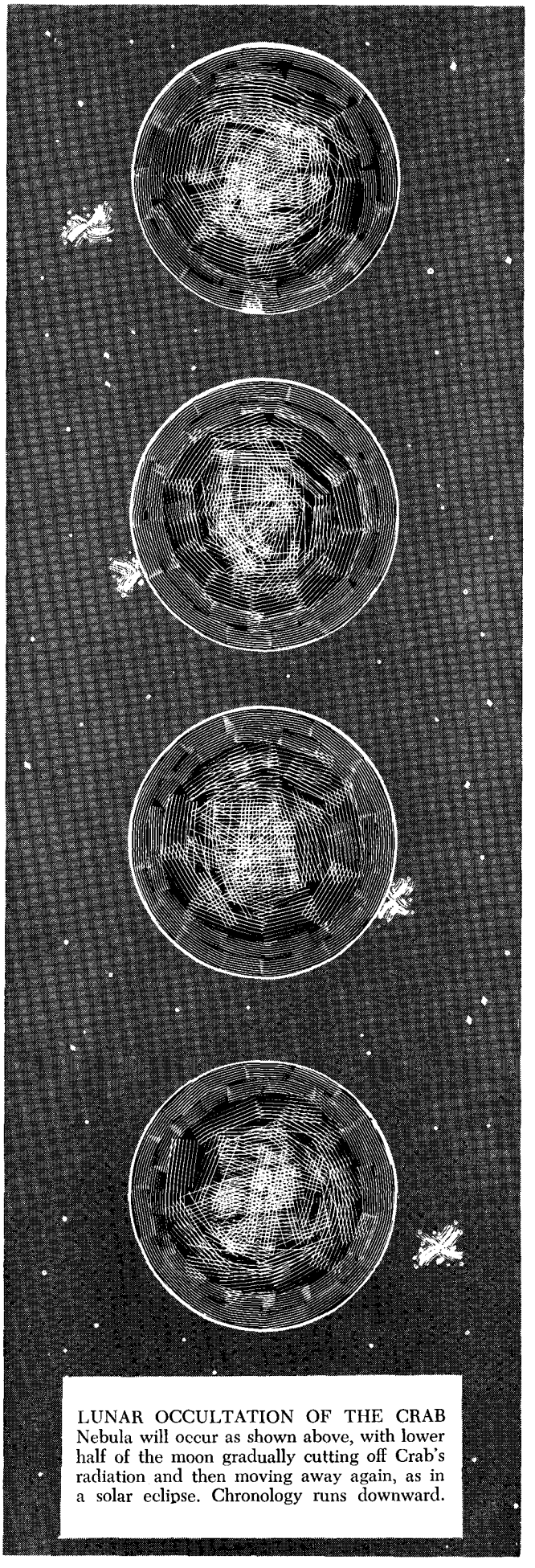
The Crab Nebula is a visible object which radio astronomers place at the site of the supernova that exploded in A.D. 1054. At intervals of approximately eight and a half years, the moon passes between the earth and the Crab in such a way as to occult the Crab completely from the view of observers in earth's northern hemisphere. One of these occultations will begin on the seventh day of July, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

At that time my associates and I will attempt to fire a rocket from White Sands in New Mexico and thus to view the occultation of the Crab. Under contract with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, Space-General Corporation has developed a rocket capable of looking at a specified object with a remarkably small chance of error. NRL has put an X-ray counter in this rocket, to be pointed at the Crab.

Because the sun still will be well above the horizon, care must be taken to avoid recording X-rays from the sun. Winds high above the desert are usually strong in late afternoon, and these may frustrate or delay the experiment.

The rocket will be in observing position in the sky for five minutes. We prefer that period to fall just as the leading edge of the moon begins to cross the edge of the Crab. If the winds delay us, we hope to wait forty-five minutes and record the spectacle just as the trailing edge of the moon begins to expose the Crab to sight again.

If the Crab's X-ray emission changes in proportion to that part of the Crab which is blocked off by the moon, then the whole Crab Nebula is the source of the energy detected by optical and radio astronomers. If, however, there is a sudden change in the number of X-rays recorded, then a point source is indicated and it is reasonable to argue that the supernova which left the Crab Nebula behind it is now a neutron star.



LUNAR OCCULTATION OF THE CRAB Nebula will occur as shown above, with lower half of the moon gradually cutting off Crab's radiation and then moving away again, as in a solar eclipse. Chronology runs downward.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Supersonic Morality

As president of the *League of Women Voters of Oklahoma City,* I am pleased that on page 50 [*SR,* June 6] you referred to our organization as an "influential group," but I must inform you that your statement regarding our opposition to the sonic boom tests is not correct.

The League does take stands on government issues, but only after our membership has studied the issue and is in substantial agreement. At present our Oklahoma City League has made no study of the sonic boom tests, and we do not anticipate doing so in the near future. Therefore, we neither support nor oppose this project.

However, one of our less active members appeared before the City Council protesting the tests, and in the course of her statement identified herself as a member of the League of Women Voters. I am sure this incident accounts for your erroneous impression.

Mrs. W. Lawrence Wade,
President,
League of Women Voters.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

Editor's note: *SR's science editor did not say that the League of Women Voters of Oklahoma City had acted formally in opposition to the sonic booms arbitrarily imposed upon residents of the city by the Federal Aviation Agency. He said that "protests within such influential groups as the League of Women Voters rose audibly. . . ." Those protests were testified to publicly by a member of the League, as Mrs. Wade's letter confirms. The testimony has not been challenged, either in Oklahoma City newspapers which reported the Council hearings, or in the letter above.*

Thank you for the exposition of the outrageous experiment of sonic boom imposed on the apparently helpless people of Oklahoma City [*SR,* June 6]. I have been following the experiment as reported in the newspapers and have been disgusted by the trend to minimize damage and treat objections as trivial and facetious. John Lear's article gives a dismaying picture of disregarded protest and even his report does not mention any pleas by hospitals, physicians or surgeons. Were they silent or were they silenced? In the latest newspaper account of *Operation Bongo* I read that "double booms" are planned and that night booms are being blithely suggested. This is a monstrous situation and your science editor has done well to inform and forewarn your readers against any such invasion of their rights as the unfortunate populace of Oklahoma City is now enduring.

Marion Wefer.

Swarthmore, Pa.

John Lear is to be congratulated on his timely review of the SST fiasco at Oklahoma City. The whole project defies one of the primary tenets of engineering—"Why do it at all?" When one considers that the longest domestic flight requires less than six hours subsonically; that the passenger requires at least four more hours for getting to the airport, checking in, waiting, disembarking, waiting, getting his luggage, waiting, and riding surface transportation to his final destination; that this four hour auxiliary period must increase with supersonic travel, if for no other reason than increased traffic congestion — the futility of a research program which will save the most hurried corporation president two hours out of ten is obvious.

When one considers further the tremendous cost of the research and development program, too great to be borne by any or all the aircraft companies and therefore suitable only for the long-suffering American taxpayer; the tremendous technological problems of large supersonic transports; the decreased fuel efficiency in supersonic flight; and finally, the unbearable infringement of personal privacy revealed by John Lear, the whole thing becomes a monstrous nightmare.

The "because it's there" philosophy is an admirable one for mountain climbers. When the cost reaches $20,000,000,000, some other philosophy is necessary.

Howard Hipkin.

Pasadena, Calif.

Your report on the sonic boom testing in Oklahoma City seemed accurate, with the exception that there are eight booms per day instead of six.

The statement by Mr. Bain in the enclosed clipping [it quoted him as saying "sonic boom will be accepted"] bears investigation. There is no evidence that Oklahoma City received the testing program with enthusiasm, except by the Chamber of Commerce and by our one local daily paper. It is difficult to find even one person who is not sick of the booms, and who is not disturbed, particularly, by the high-handed way in which the test is being conducted under the guise of progress and civic-mindedness.

Surely Mr. Bain knows of the lawsuits which were aborted by a local federal judge, that citizens appear week after week to protest before the City Council, that there have been hundreds of property damage claims denied by the FAA, that people have been made ill and injured by the booms, that Oklahoma Senators were sent petitions signed by hundreds of people asking that the booms be halted, and that a sense of hopelessness prevails.

This testing program was attacked from the beginning. The FAA was apparently determined from the outset to prove that the booms would be acceptable. They are not acceptable. A great disservice will have been done the airlines, the government, and the taxpayers, if the supersonic transport is developed on the basis of public acceptance resulting from the so-called testing program in the city.

Interest by you and other outsiders is our only hope to rouse concern about this very serious matter.

Wilma Brimer.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

You apparently balk at tests of the sonic boom phenomenon now being performed over Oklahoma City [*SR,* June 6]. In the spirit of progress through inquiry you ought to urge continuation of the test, though you might suggest a change in location.

Washington, during the six months of the next session of Congress, is the one most appropriate place and time. Before the House and Senate have a chance to vote a billion dollars for development of a supersonic transport, they should have the opportunity to appraise first hand this new type of air pollution which would result.

Seven o'clock in the morning sounds about right for the first of a half dozen daily booms.

H. Baird Tenney.

Cleveland, O.

There are many simple and genuine pleasures in life. Reading. Listening to music. An evening of conversation with your family and friends. Even viewing television.

Yet these simple and genuine pleasures (I believe they are even our constitutional rights) are denied those of us who live adjacent to jet airports.

Your article, "The Era of Supersonic Morality" covered only the tests of supersonic aircraft over the Oklahoma City area. May I point out those of us in the vicinity of

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Kennedy International Airport in New York have been subjected to the same screeching, the same broken windows, the same disrupted school programs, the same detrimental effect on people with heart and nervous conditions and *the same deprivation of our constitutional rights* ever since jets began using the airport.

Your last paragraph spotlights, quite graphically, the problem facing the individual. "Can any American citizen anywhere feel secure against invasion of his body and mind at any official's whim?"

What is happening in Oklahoma City is a duplicate of the pattern used by the Federal Aviation Agency in the New York area. Here's the chronology of events:

1. Some three or four years ago, the Port of New York Authority said jets would only be allowed the use of Kennedy International Airport if the noise levels were "tolerable" to the people in the surrounding communities. And, no jet landings or take-offs would be permissible between the hours of 11 P.M. and 7 A.M.

2. The Federal Aviation Agency—the champion of aviation interests only—rather ruthlessly pointed out to the Port that they were mere landlords and could in no way control the flights in or out of Kennedy.

3. Jets—all sizes and shapes—descended upon us. And if you think a screeching jet over your house—every thirty seconds—is conducive to suburban living, you are mistaken. It is a degrading experience. It is an indignity that no person should be made to suffer.

4. Meetings were held with the National Air Transport Coordinating Committee (representing the airlines, the pilots and the Port) and representative groups from the surrounding communities. Cocktails were served and promises were made. The cocktails were watered and so were the promises. It was the same old routine—a holding action meant to lull us into false security while so-called "progress" by air interests continued.

5. This went on for about two years and then the NATCC faded into oblivion. It was no longer needed. It had done its job. The airlines now had a new champion. The Federal Aviation Agency took over.

6. Now, the FAA brooks no interference, holds no cocktail parties, makes no promises. They offer two alternatives: take tranquilizers; move. They are both brusque and rude in the manner in which they make these two suggestions.

That's the situation now.

Please understand us. Nobody says, "Do away with Kennedy Airport." Nobody says, "Progress is unimportant and the airline industry should not grow and prosper." But all of us do say that progress that disregards the rights of the individual is not in the American tradition. It is a totalitarian approach.

We have made the suggestion many times and we make it again: The scientific genius that created nuclear power can certainly create quieter aircraft.

NATHAN R. ABELSON.
Cedarhurst, N.Y.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1578

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Spiral.	106 3 103 8 44 90 37 86
B. Where you are if you're getting rained on (3 wds.).	153 151 108 175 157 71 165 183
C. Head of a certain harpoon used in sword-fishing (2 wds.).	42 173 82 201 187 27 182 116
D. What Tom, the water-baby, said he had been when he worked as a chimney sweep (2 wds.).	38 12 169 25 159 52 137 80
E. The most that can be expected of you (2 wds.).	64 23 46 56 171 163 199 109
F. Usual; routine; customary.	160 193 100 7 136 185 79 120
G. Winnow again.	186 17 77 51 102 194 34 55
H. Reacted with an excess of emotion.	141 2 89 96 145 155 68 29
I. Common salad vegetables (as they say in England).	91 117 54 97 76 5 33 49
J. Decrees beforehand.	147 170 9 48 57 191 1 63
K. European corn salad.	93 148 144 10 125 22 62 47
L. One of the most abundant metals, of many uses, to which the British give an extra eye.	66 128 134 156 190 197 138 162
M. The plant *Nostoc commune.*	121 53 45 18 149 98 83 114

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Aggressive high-pressure salesmanship (2 wds.).	32 113 67 92 13 85 74 59
O. Offer in sacrifice.	143 119 11 168 179 150 139 115
P. What the V.I.P. did with the ball at the first game of the season.	30 122 87 176 40 111 14 36
Q. Latest fiction (sounding like redundant adjectives!; 2 wds.).	4 129 16 195 43 124 65 180
R. Accessory of grandma's sewing basket, in which she polished her needles (2 wds.).	21 158 192 164 69 177 127 174
S. Wasting time, as in frivolity, esp. in amorous play.	152 101 58 73 167 81 140 198
T. Device of special shape for catching aquatic creatures.	188 196 20 88 110 41 94 200
U. Made unnecessary by anticipation.	181 75 126 72 184 105 112 61
V. Inferior maxilla (2 wds.).	95 183 118 35 123 133 26 142
W. Meanly tricky or dishonest.	154 178 15 131 107 166 135 104
X. Burlesque translation or imitation.	31 161 130 84 19 78 50 28
Y. Man engaged to assist with farm work, etc. (2 wds.).	132 70 172 60 99 6 146 24 39

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 J	2 H	3 A	4 Q		5 I	6 Y	7 F	8 A	9 J	10 K	11 O	12 D	13 N							
14 P	15 W		16 Q	17 G	18 M	19 X		20 T	21 R	22 K	23 E	24 Y	25 D	26 V	27 C	28 X								
29 H	30 P		31 X	32 N	33 I	34 G	35 V		36 P	37 A	38 D	39 Y		40 P	41 T	42 C	43 Q							
44 A	45 M	46 E	47 K	48 J	49 I		50 X	51 G	52 D	53 M		54 I	55 G	56 E	57 J	58 S	59 N							
60 Y	61 U		62 K	63 J		64 E	65 Q	66 L	67 N	68 H	69 R		70 Y		71 B	72 U	73 S							
74 N		75 U	76 I	77 G		78 X	79 F	80 D		81 S		82 C	83 M	84 X	85 N	86 A								
87 P	88 T	89 H		90 A	91 I	92 N		93 K	94 T	95 V	96 H	97 I	98 M		99 Y	100 F	101 S							
102 G	103 A	104 W		105 U	106 A	107 W	108 B		109 E	110 T	111 P	112 U	113 N	114 M	115 O	116 C	117 I							
118 V		119 O	120 F		121 M	122 P	123 V	124 Q	125 K	126 U	127 R	128 L		129 Q	130 X	131 W	132 Y							
	133 V	134 L	135 W	136 F		137 D	138 L	139 O		140 S	141 H	142 V		143 O	144 K		145 H							
146 Y	147 J	148 K	149 M		150 O	151 B	152 S		153 B		154 W	155 H	156 L	157 B	158 R	159 D	160 F							
161 X		162 L	163 E	164 R	165 B	166 W	167 S		168 O	169 D	170 J		171 E	172 Y	173 C	174 R	175 B							
176 P		177 R	178 W	179 O	180 Q	181 U	182 C	183 V		184 U	185 F	186 G	187 C	188 T	189 B		190 L							
191 J		192 R	193 F	194 G	195 Q	196 T	197 L	198 S		199 E	200 T	201 C												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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Isle Royale...

Conservation saved it for you. See it on your way to the New York World's Fair.

When the Indians saw an island slowly rise from Lake Superior's water some 5,000 years ago, they believed the Great Spirit Manitou had created it as a sacred place. The pure copper nuggets they found there were regarded as magic talismans and were traded with tribes as distant as the Aztecs of Mexico.

But a Detroit newspaperman, Albert Stoll, Jr., saw Isle Royale not as a gift from the gods, but as an unspoiled example of Nature's grandeur. He dedicated his life to saving this wilderness area, with its glacier-carved fjords, unique animals and unusual wildflowers.

Stoll's newspaper editorials impressed Michigan's governors, congressmen and legislators who urged state and federal action. Detroit's Board of Commerce worked with him; the President of the Sierra Club and other conservationists served on Isle Royale conservation committees. After ten years, bills introduced by Congressman Louis Cramton and Senator Arthur Vandenburg were passed by Congress, and the area became a National Park project.

Isle Royale is now a National Park. Its wild, raw beauty has been saved for you to enjoy. More such scenic treasures must be conserved so that future generations may know America-as-it-was. That is why conservation is this generations's job.

Free tour service: If you are driving to the New York World's Fair, let Sinclair help plan your trip to include visits to Isle Royale or other National Parks. Write Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020.

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